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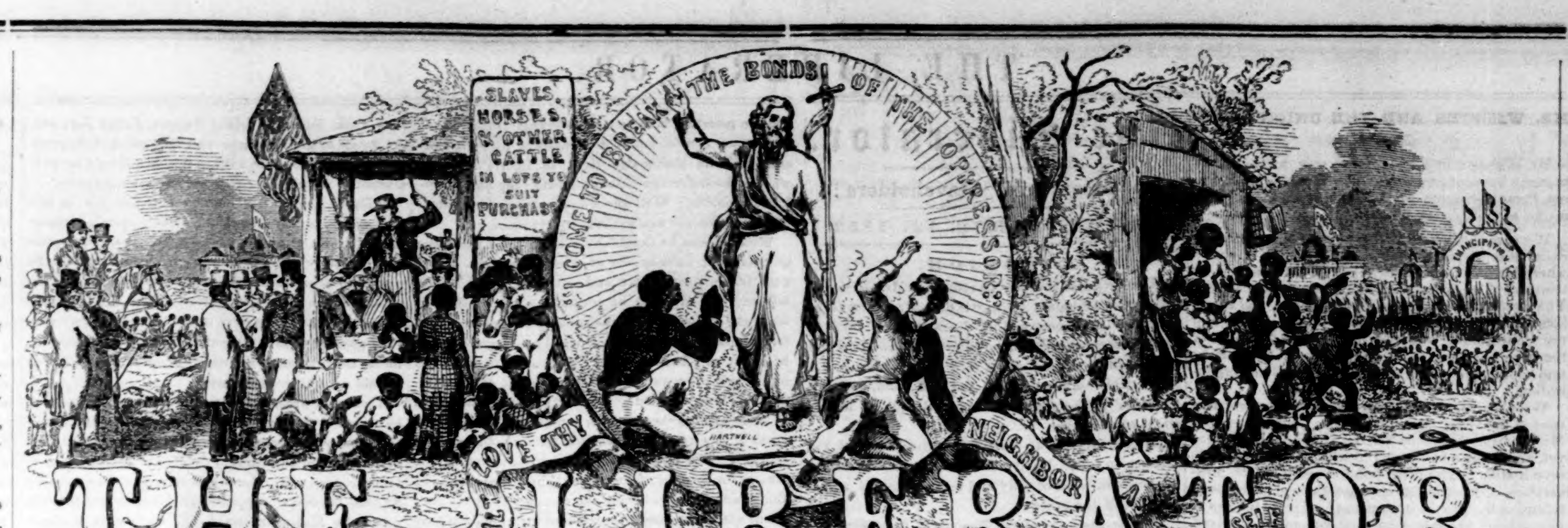

THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons. . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

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Refuge of Oppression.

From the N. Y. Observer.

AMERICAN CONSERVATISM.

From the noise made by a few orators-errant, and a few garreteer editors, one might think that the world was coming to an end, at least, in its present form, and that universal equality, pillage, and polygamy, or agamy, was about to dawn. But the fool's paradise is still delayed. Houses are still bought and sold; people still marry and are given in marriage; industrious men still retain their savings, and felons still sometimes hang. The Titans of reform still fall back from the heavens. Little French editors and garrulous spinsters, amidst their piles of exchange papers and dip candle conventions, send forth fury enough, they think, to annihilate all existing distinctions of society: spiking all the cannons of war, and voting little farms to each and every one of their benevolent adherents.

Public meetings take up the work; re-pronounce the editorials *ore tenus*, and inhale the bravos of ... from the Tabernacle and other Smithfields, with groups as pied as Jacob's. You are ready to think, while looking at these Amazons in Quaker bonnets, sheep-faced agitators with beards like Constantine Pogonatus, and inspired ex-blacksmiths; while listening to the ululations of Vermont pythonesses, and the cheers of Shem, Ham and Japhet, that the time of social repristination is arrived. Alas. You go out into the living stream. Broadway and Wall street are unchanged. Church-towers show no tendency to totter. The sympathizers in the Tombs still gnash and clank in vain. What seemed a deluge is only a fresh; and reform has not reached further into the Commonwealth than a mining tunnel does into the solid earth. Coming to one's senses is sometimes mortifying.

Ille ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol, me occidistis, amici!

It is a pity to disturb the pleasant dream of drunken zealots, but let us tell them the truth—the American people is conservative, after all. After the German revolution, several red-hot demagogues came over. They expected that thousands would rally at the first glimpse of the *bonnet rouge*. What ensued? Exactly what ensues when you take lighted shavings from an endangered house, and put them into the middle of an open field. The danger is gone; they go out. It was so with Dowiat, and will be so with more. Around certain focal points, especially in New York and Boston, where craniology, non-resistance, Fourierism, abolitionism and anti-Sabbatism are most rife, there is a good deal of heat. Thither throng broken-down preachers and actors; billiard-players, whose faces are too well known at Baden-Baden and Nassau; fifth-rate writers for Paris feuilletons; and starveling, denationalized Americans, who would sell their souls for the plaudits of a fanatical foreign meeting. These people keep themselves warm, and persuade one another that the larks are almost in hand, because the skies are about to fall. Gaunt and wan are they, from unseasonable meetings, and forced marches from city to city; in mercy, they ought to be allowed some little hope to brighten their leaden visages. But, after they have smiled in hope of the socialistic and perfectibilian millennium, in which seven half-penny loaves shall be sold for a penny, the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, when all the realm shall be common, and all verified that Cade predicted; after they have shouted till the echo of the pillars assures them the paternal house is falling, they must still awake to the sad conviction that the American people is always resolvedly adverse to agitation.

We suffer grievous wrong as a people, by reason of a contrary opinion; but fanatical agitation is in its very visage foreign. The body of the American people are sound. The sympathies of agitators and socialists are foreign. Their apostles, if not foreign, are in correspondence with foreigners. Their lecturers abroad feast on the applauses which they get from mobbish assemblies in Britain, for maligning their country. Their mingled impiety and frenzy are foreign. In American society, they know they have lost caste; in American churches, they have lost fellowship: they regain these in other lands, and in foreign cliques at home. When most they reveal this, by proceeding in shrieks of eloquence to denounce the Union and execrate the Sabbath. For a time, they affected Christianity; but the mask has fallen, and we see the face of gentle Robespierre, who would fain have abolished all death-penalty, and holy Marat, who prayed against aristocracy. Agitation towards social ruin is, thank God, un-American.

Take our chief classes in New York, and even in Boston, and you see them to be conservative. Whatever may sometimes be said in the capital, the leprosy has not reached the body, though it here and there specks the surface. That the leading classes are to any great extent fanatical, socialistic, or revolutionary, we indignantly deny. Our merchants are conservative. They give the cold-shoulder to the poor creature that raves, and writhes, and writes, even more markedly than a Carolina proprietor could do. The bench and bar are conservative: some who outbentham Bentham will tell us why: but the fact is constant. We crave sight of a great lawyer who is at the same time a Fourierite, or a technical abolitionist. The learned clergy are conservative: it is the sin of sins, which has made them the target for all the arrows of the Phillipses and Garrisons. The agriculturalists are conservative; and last, not least, Woman, blessed conservatrix of the race, is conservative. What would one ask more?

The voice of a great people is not always articulate. Unlike that of restless and fevered agitators, the voice of the people waits for mighty occasions. Because it is not heard, fools mistake their own chatter for its august sound. But this silence is perhaps portentous. The cause of thunder is present in its latent strength. Our profound conviction is, that after you have brushed away the insect tribe of buzzing, biting, venomous misanthropy, you will find the great mass intact. The millions of American people are in favor of property, of law, of wedlock, of the Sabbath, of the church, of Christianity.

In *Chambers's Miscellany*, we observe a portrait and laudatory memoir of Mr. Garrison. Scottish Presbyterians sat delightedly at the feet of the *Reverend* Mr. H. C. Wright. If they had waited a little, before going into raptures at their abuse of their country, they might have learned their true position as to Christianity and the church. There is nothing more sure, than that all exaggerated, unscriptural codes of morals, sooner or later break out into impiety. The voice of the lamb gives place at length to the native howl of rapacity and frenzy. Hence the great body of leading men, in our whole community, are intelligently, fully and publicly set against disunion and agitation, and as unanimously committed in favor of the colonizing of the free people of color in Africa. This is the true American doctrine. When we are no more, our sons, and the sons of the slave, will live under the banner, THE LOVE OF FREEDOM BROUGHT US HERE! *Faxit Deus!*

Selections.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

'AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.'

Our neighbors of the *Observer* recur to the subject of intervention, with this time-honored adage for their motto. The conception, though not original, is nevertheless scenic and bold; well suited to kindle the genius of a muse. Think of a 'storm' lashing the bosom of the mighty deep, making the veteran mariner tremble for his life; then think of a 'calm'—the very personification of serenity; and who can fail to see the boldness of the contrast? After such a transit from the horrible to the peaceful, even the failures of memory, where logic is shy, may be pardoned, while fancy revels in her airy delights. Hence, we the less wonder at the character of the *Observer's* last essay.

But, soberly, what is this about? What does it mean? Facts are facts, storm or no storm; sometimes, they are prodigiously stubborn things. We must refresh the memory of our editorial friends; and now that the 'calm' has come, we trust that a little attention to facts will be deemed in order. Week before last, as our neighbors will remember, we took the liberty of calling their attention to some very 'remarkable statements' which had appeared in their columns, entitling them the 'NEW doctrine,' and contrasting the same with the 'OLD doctrine' of such men as Washington, Fillmore, Webster, Cass, Douglass, Chancellor Kent, Ex-Chancellor Walworth, &c. We also adverted to a very singular mistake into which they had fallen, attributing to others, as a change, what was purely a phenomenon of their own minds. After referring to a specimen of sagacious criticism, we submitted, for their 'calm' consideration, two distinct and specific questions, invoking a specific answer. All this they will find in an article headed, 'Intervention—Old and New Doctrine.' We hope they have not mislaid the paper; if they have, we shall be happy to supply them with another copy.

Pausing at this point, we waited, not a little curious, to see whether the editors would toe the mark, meet the questions in issue or not, re-affirm or renounce their previous 'statements,' answer our two interrogations, or prudently pass them in silence. Our wonder is now at an end. The article of last week, 'After a storm comes a calm,' has disposed of the whole matter. As a substitute for argument, the editors give us a rhetorical *ruse*—a sort of easy, familiar, off-hand disquisition on matters and things in general, having about as much connection with the points in hand as with the 'man in the moon.' We should as soon think of solving a mathematical problem with a solution of nitric acid, or calculating the next eclipse of the sun with a galvanic battery, as writing an essay about a 'storm and a calm' in the premises that were before them. At another time, and in other connections, we should have no objections to this poetry, all but the rhyme; but we do decidedly protest against this 'intervention' of fancy with the internal policy of logic. Let each be left to manage its own affairs—this is our doctrine; and we must exhort our neighbors to honor it in matters of logic, even though they deny it in respect to those of government. They will, of course, manage their editorials in their own way; but so long as they do not correctly represent the position, or fairly meet the argument of the *Evangelist*, we must hold them to the mark.

Now, the editors will pardon us for saying, that we can see no possible relevancy between their poem, 'After a storm comes a calm,' and the real points that were claiming their attention. Were a man to whistle in order to cure a fever, the means and the end would not be more incongruous. We will show this by recalling two or three points.

Week before last, we gave the NEW and OLD doctrines in parallel columns—the first being that of our neighbors, the second our own—inviting their attention to the contrast, as it respects both the doctrines themselves, and the authorities by which they are sustained. We asked the editors to review their position, and tell the public whether they meant to re-affirm it. What have we in reply? 'After a storm comes a calm,' is the next thing we hear. Silence on the subject reigns over 'the vasty deep.' The editors tell us that they have no 'sympathy with croakers,' and that they 'have great confidence in GOD and OUR COUNTRY.' We have never charged them with the former, nor have we ever doubted the latter; and we hope, moreover, that they do not mean to assume a monopoly of virtue in the last particular. We are at a loss to see, however, what this protestation has to do with a logical duty.

Again, we reminded the editors, as we had done before, that they had made a partial and defective quotation of our authorities, urging them, as an act of simple justice, to set this matter right. What do we hear in reply? Not a word. As a substitute, we have such sentences as the following:—'Two months ago, it did look as if the whole country were about to be carried off with the Hungarian fever.' 'But even then, we believed and said, that the sober second thought of the country would be about right. The storm would soon be over, and reason would return with the calm. How truly is this anticipation realized!' Yes: but what has all this flippant talk to do with the issue? We have never questioned the sagacity of our neighbors to foresee a 'calm,' even in a 'storm'; and, surely, we have no desire to rob them of its glory.

And still farther, we showed, by an appeal to their own editorials of the 15th of January and the 5th of February, that in charging the *Evangelist* with receding from its position without an 'honest retraction,' they had attributed to others what was purely a change in themselves. What do the editors say? They prudently say nothing, in this 'calm' after a 'storm.' They merely indulge themselves in some pleasant 'reminiscences, to strengthen' their 'own and others' confidence in God.' We certainly honor the *motive* professed; but we cannot see the relevancy to the subject in hand.

And, finally, we supposed that we had nailed the matter in propounding to them two questions, which we here reproduce: 'First, does the *Observer* believe that every nation has the sovereign right to manage its own internal policy, without forcible interference on the part of any other? Secondly, if every nation has not this right, will the *Observer* tell us WHERE the right of controlling the policy in question is lodged, and by what rules the discovery of its *locality* is made?' These are grave questions; they strike at the very root of the issue between us; and we did hope that the *Observer* would not pass them in silence. Are they answered? Does the *Observer* venture to allude to them? 'After a storm comes a calm,' is the only response, closing with a paragraph that begins by exhorting us to be 'hopeful and cheerful,' and ends with the exclamation, 'God save the Commonwealth!' Surely, we ought to be cheerful,' and never more so than in a 'calm' after a 'storm;' but this is not the question. Will the editors have the goodness to meet the questions we have proposed? If they will do this, now that the 'calm' has come, we shall listen with the utmost attention, and endeavor to learn all we can.

To sum up all in a word, we must say that protestations, exhortations, self-glorification over one's own foresight, dodging the question, mere rhetoric, the *argumentum ad captandum vulgus*, 'touching off the gun *softly*,'—that all these things, to use the mildest phrase, are *weaknesses* best honored by being laid aside, when they are wholly out of place. In a 'storm,' where logical gravity turns the other way, possibly they may be excused; but in a 'calm,' such as fortunately we now have, we shall expect to see them no more. Let us now have the question. The 'hurricane' having passed away, reason having returned from its sentimental migration, all the religious and secular papers having quit or repudiated the ground where the *Evangelist* stood 'only as long ago as January 1st,' there being no further need of *antiphlogistic* remedies, we shall now probably get at the question, and be refreshed with a straight forward, sober answer. Let us hear the *Observer* with reference to the PARALLEL columns and the TWO INQUIRIES. Settle up this account, and we will most cheerfully cancel all the rest.

From the Essex County Freeman.

REV. THOMAS T. STONE.

This eminent Divine and practical Christian preached his farewell address to the First Church in this city, on Sunday last. A large and interested audience were present. The conclusion of his afternoon discourse was personal, and very affecting. After stating what he considered true religion to be, viz., the advocacy of reform in the soul and society, according to the law of God, he spoke of his relations to his church, now to be severed forever, alluding to the eminent Roger Williams, who, two hundred years before, was banished from the same pulpit, and for the same offence, the advocacy of the Freedom of the Soul. In continuation, he said, that though he was sensible of opposing feelings on the part of some of his parish, of these he should be silent now, and silent forever. He was more conscious of benefits conferred upon himself by that congregation, and these had indeed oppressed him. May I, said he, by my future life, prove not unworthy the confidence and esteem which you have given in over abundance for my deserts. Hoping that the church might in future be filled with the Spirit and truth of God, he gave to the assembled congregation a solemn and touching benediction, and gave out that exquisite hymn of Madame Guion—'The Wanderer.' How touchingly appropriate! He was indeed going forth as a Wanderer upon earth, feeling that the advocacy of the noblest and most exalted faith and practice deserved a better reward than exile and banishment, and feeling that faith and trust in God which can even make the cold desert of the world to blossom as the rose. If the Preacher had gone thus forth without God, his banishment had been indeed hopeless and complete.

Mr. Stone has advocated unpopular but living and Christian truths. He has kept his pulpit free on the great subjects of Christian reform, Anti-Slavery, Higher Law, Peace, Temperance, &c. He has been a determined advocate of reform—a friend of the slave—a lover of the liberty wherewith the sons of God are free—an expounder of that Higher and Everlasting Law of God, which was the Law ere Time began, and will continue to be the Law when Time shall be no longer—the ONLY Law by which in his infinite wisdom he governs the moral kingdoms of the uncounted worlds.

We should do injustice to a large part of Mr. Stone's congregation, if we did not credit them with good feelings and sympathies towards him, and we moreover believe that every person therein must respect him for his uncomplaining forbearance, and acknowledge his sincerity, his devotion to duty, and his purity of character.

☞ The following is the hymn alluded to in the above notice:—

O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls inspired with sacred love;
In heaven, on earth, or in the sea,
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee.

To me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

THE UNION—THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Extracts from an admirable 'Address, delivered before the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society, at its annual meeting, Dec. 7, 1851. By THOMAS T. STONE.'

The last battle-cry which now rallies the multitudes of our countrymen against the Lord and his Truth is, the Union of the States,—the country, we might say from the words of no obscure politician, the country, however bounded. The religious sects pronounce their benediction on the Knights who go forth to fight for the compromise, which sacrifices God to Mammon, Justice to Tyranny, Freedom to Slavery, Man to Pride, or Lust, or Avarice; all which constitutes true Union, to that which spreads the deceptive show over real and volcanic elements of discord. Now, let it be that we have been pugnacious and obstinate, severe, violent, ready to take fire at any thing, and to assail all divine and human things with indiscriminate rage; yet this we do say; we pronounce it with confidence:—It is a mighty Truth, the revelation of God in Humanity, with which we have been charged. This, also, we likewise affirm:—A conflict of Truth with these several forms of hostility has been inevitable. When men said, the slave must not live free within his native state or country, what less could the Truth than contradict the assertion, and overthrow the policy which embodied it? When Catholics and Protestants of all sects united in sanctioning slavery, and binding this dead and noisome carcass to the living form of Christianity, what less could the Truth do than proclaim the falseness of the misnamed Christianity, and vindicate Jesus and the Father from such blasphemies? And when all, in State or Church, in high places or low places, religious or irreligious, lifted up their voices and cried, 'The Glorious Union, at all events this must be preserved'; what less could the Truth than proclaim, 'Any Union which crushes freedom and perpetuates injustice, is inglorious and false; let the strongest conspiracy perish, rather than the ends of justice, of freedom, of humanity,—the sole ends which can make it holy,—fail through its treachery and baseness'? The spirit has met each issue which has arisen, simply demanding that, above all fluctuations and turbulences and interests, its calm voice be heard and obeyed:—God is all in all. That is the whole.

We may well rejoice in the precise issue which has now come. We may well rejoice in the necessity, from which the country cannot escape, to meet the simple question, whether it will acknowledge as Supreme, God or Human Will. Men may tell us, if they choose, that this is not the question. They may say that God is doubtless to be obeyed against the power of men and states; but then God requires us to obey, for example, the statute by which the Union is now convulsed. This statute, in other words, is right. With any man who avows this opinion, who pronounces the statute essentially right,—it is of little use, certainly for me, to reason. There is no common ground to stand upon. We begin our processes of thought at different points; we diverge farther and farther as we go forward, as if one of us were moving westward, the other eastward. We must settle a prior question, before we could approach each other. And that is the very question of the age—What is Right? What is it in essence, in nature, in immutable reality? Until such answer as some of us have learned,—we thought, from holiest sources,—be proved false and baseless, we must denounce the statute as godless, inhuman, unjust; we must proclaim that, in establishing it, the nation has deepened the atrocity of its previous guilt, severed itself into wider distance from God, and made itself more false to both its religious creeds and its political professions; so that at this moment it is presented in that most degrading attitude, boastful liberty masking iron tyranny. If we are mistaken, why not teach us, instead of mocking and sneering? With profoundest reverence we speak, as we think, of a Higher Law than the Decrees of a Majority. Is there not a Higher Law? Why then pronounce the word with contempt, and when we hint our faith, cry Nonsense, Treason, Fanaticism! Why that godless sarcasm which has rung through the land, of a Law somewhere between here and the third heavens, higher than that which the majority of an American Congress presumed to pass in the midst of the nineteenth century, naming Tyranny, Law? Has proud and boasted intellect nothing to speak but such paltry and soulless and impious sarcasms? Yes, my friends, we have fallen on evil times and on evil tongues; we have lived to hear even Conscience reviled, and men who have faith in the God who speaks through it, reproached. With the Bible in our hands, and the History of Millenniums open for us to read; with the names of Moses, confronting the Egyptian king; of Elijah, braving the king of Israel and his idolatrous priests; of Isaiah, pronouncing woes upon legislators enacting unrighteous decrees; of Daniel, openly disobeying the royal edict; of Apostles, setting all power at nought in proclaiming their benignant message; of Martyrs, nourishing the fresh growth of Christianity by their blood: not to add those noble testimonies, which ethnic story has preserved, of eastern devotees or western lovers of truth,—with such names before us, of those who periled or surrendered life; who went into the den with lions, or the fire as it kindled the wood about them; who laid their bodies under the saw, or gave their necks to the sword or the axe; who first endured poverty and shame, then refused not the cross—nay, boasting our relations, through ancestors fugitive for their religion, to these devout and heroic spirits; we have not outgone the age of sneers and persecutions aimed at conscience and righteousness. If there be no higher law; if our conscience be but an illusion; is it unreasonable to ask that our error be exposed, not our faith spurned, our simplicity reviled? If there be such law, and if conscience be sacred, the laws and usages of slavery meanwhile harmonizing with it, we may be pardoned for asking that something besides sarcasm, and wrath, and reproach, and violence, and cries of treason, be presented as demonstrations of the harmony. It avails not to assert, even to prove, that they are constitutional, and that they are necessary for the perpetuation of the Union; for whether we admit or deny the assertion, we cannot rid ourselves of the conviction, that the Constitution itself might sometimes err, and that possibly something may be holier and dearer, even to an American heart, than even this confederacy of States. Assure us even that God clothes the Government with power to enact such laws, so that we must yield to them, as to him, unquestioning obedience; suppose it the obscurity of our vision; deal tenderly with us; strive to purge our dim sight; for really we cannot see the thing you declare; the government establishes and seeks to enforce the deed; that we cannot deny; but the power which looks through it, and legitimatizes it, does actually seem to us, not God, whom we would gladly obey; but Devil, whom we would resist, that he may flee from us and from the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER, AND HIS TREACHERY TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

Extracts from a speech recently delivered in the Senate of Massachusetts, by Gen. HENRY WILSON, of Middlesex, in reply to Judge WARREN, of Suffolk:—

Mr. President, the Senator asks me with an air of assumed triumph, if I 'wore the spurs into the Philadelphia Convention, when I voted for Mr. Webster.' Sir, I thank the Senator for affording me an opportunity to place that matter right before the Senate.

In the winter of 1845, when the Texas question was pending before Congress, a State Convention was called in Faneuil Hall, without party distinction. Mr. Webster united in the Convention with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Edmund Quincy, Joshua Leavitt, my friend from Middlesex, (Mr. Sewall,) Charles Allen, John G. Palfrey, Stephen C. Phillips, Charles Francis Adams and Linus Child, (who, by the way, threatened to raise the war cry of 'Abolition or Repeal,' if Texas was admitted by joint resolution, but who has recently contented himself with declaring his purpose to turn out of the Boott Mills any workman who should vote the ten hours Coalition ticket.) Mr. Webster consulted with and assisted Stephen C. Phillips, Charles Allen, and Charles Frances Adams, in preparing the Address of the Convention—an address filled with noble sentiments of hostility to slavery domination—an address worthy of that magnificent assemblage of Massachusetts 'abolitionists and agitators.' Where was the Senator from Suffolk then? With Mr. Webster and the men who stood by the Senator's resolution of 1838 against admitting a slave State? No, sir, no! The Senator was then with a class of men who began at that time to falter and waver. Mr. Webster afterwards designated this class of men as 'Optimists' and 'Quietists,' with whom 'it was always too early or too late to resist slaveholding aggressions.' Mr. Webster then stood upon the platform of Massachusetts Free Soilism, embodied in the resolutions of 1838, which the Senator from Suffolk and the Senator from Hampshire supported. We had not then discovered the 'sectional' character of the platform; but the Senator from Suffolk, being one of the framers, had begun to show symptoms of 'nationality.'

At the Whig State Convention at Springfield in 1847, Mr. Webster being present begging a Presidential nomination, claimed a patent for the Wilmot proviso 'thunder,' on the plea of 'priority of discovery.' The Senator from Norfolk (Mr. Keyes) will remember this patentee process. That sagacious politician, Charles Francis Adams, expressed his fear that the patentee would lose the patent by 'a non-user.' About this time, as my young friend and colleague from Middlesex (Mr. Burlingame) will remember, several young Whigs, not of the 'Optimist and Quietist' school, met Mr. Webster at the Tremont House, where they received the most complete assurances that he was in complete communion with them in their abolitionism. In the spring of 1848, these enthusiastic young men formed a Webster Club; I believe I was voted in a member of that club on motion of my friend from Middlesex, (Mr. Burlingame.) These young men were enthusiasts for liberty, and they looked to Mr. Webster as the giant intellect that was to combine and lead on the lovers of freedom. He was the apostle of their faith. To use the eloquent words of my friend, 'these young men would have gone through fire and water for his sake; at his suggestion they took an advanced position in '48, and held it, thank God, though he left them alone to be shattered.'

As the day of the National Convention drew nigh, it was apparent that the South, aided by the 'Optimists and Quietists' of the North, intended to force Gen. Taylor upon the Whig party, unpledged to the Wilmot proviso. The day I left for the Convention, I met in Court street one of Mr. Webster's friends, who informed me that several of those friends were assembled in Mr. Webster's office, and were anxious to see me. I accompanied him to the office, where I found various members of the Webster Club, among them my friend from Middlesex, (Mr. Burlingame,) and Mr. Webster's son. These gentlemen were somewhat excited. The *Atlas* had hinted that Taylor might be nominated, and the distinguished gentleman who now represents the country at the Court of St James, might be nominated for the Vice Presidency. Mr. Lawrence not only belonged to the school of 'Optimists and Quietists,' but it was a piece of assurance in him and his friends to dream that there could be more than one man in Massachusetts while the patentee of the Wilmot Proviso 'thunder' lived! They wished to know what I and the 'Conscience Whigs,' with whom I acted, intended to do. I told them I had written to Mr. Webster, that the section of the Whig party with whom I acted, would not vote for Gen. Taylor, unless he was pledged to the Wilmot proviso—that I could not vote for Mr. Webster, if he used his influence directly or indirectly to aid Taylor's nomination. I told them if Taylor was committed to the Proviso, I should vote for him, although a slaveholder—but if he was forced upon the party unpledged to the doctrine of Massachusetts, I should leave the Convention and go into opposition. These gentlemen assured me—my colleague will correct me if I am wrong—that Mr. Webster had said that he 'would never recommend the people to support for President an ignorant, swearing, frontier Colonel'—and they assured me 'Mr. Webster was with us'—told me to 'go ahead, and they would back me.'

I left the office, and went directly to Philadelphia, where I found a note from Mr. Webster, giving me ample assurances, and referring me to his friend, (one of the delegates from this State,) for his opinions. Having received ample assurances from Mr. Webster, I voted for him; although I knew then, as now, that his chances were desperate.

But, Sir, where was the Senator from Suffolk then? Not with Mr. Webster, not with the men who stood by the resolution of 1838. He was one of the chiefs of the 'Optimists and Quietists.' Rumor said he made a tour to the 'Old Dominion,' to secure the nomination of his *then* friend, Mr. Lawrence, for the Vice Presidency. Rumor also whispered that Mr. Webster looked rather frowningly upon the course of the Senator. (Mr. Warren said that rumor lied then.) I am glad of it, sir, for the frowns of the great Secretary are said to be very chilling. My colleague will remember the rumor. (Mr. Burlingame nodded assent.)

Such, sir, was Mr. Webster's position in 1848, when I voted for him. Gen. Taylor was nominated on the 9th of June. On the 28th of that month, one of the largest Conventions ever assembled in Massachusetts met at Worcester. There and then the organization of the Free Soil party was begun, and their principles were proclaimed. Many of Mr. Webster's friends attended—among them, his son. They urged us to speak kindly of Mr. Webster, assuring us that he was with us. The Convention expressed confidence in him, and called upon him to lead the friends of freedom. A few days after, I called on Mr. Webster, at his own request, at his office. He expressed his cordial assent to the principles of the Convention, and his respect for and confidence in the members of the Convention. He said if we would make a public sentiment that would sustain public men in being true to the sentiments of the North, we should accomplish every thing, for we had always been beaten by the treachery of Northern men. Yes, sir, Mr. Webster stood with us upon the principles afterwards embodied in the Buffalo platform, and it was not until after that Convention had selected another man to embody its principles, that he came out for the 'nomination not fit to be made.'

Then the Senator from Suffolk was not among his 'list of friends'; but now, after Mr. Webster has abandoned his former principles, and gone over to the Slave Power, the Senator leaves the 'Optimists and Quietists,' and follows the great Secretary. He is not the man to read me lectures about consistency. Mr. Webster is the brain—the heart, if it have a heart—the soul, if it have a soul—of Millard Fillmore's administration, an administration of which one of the most active Whigs of the country declared, in a speech in this city, within one year—'No Whig could have any influence with it, unless he was BATHED IN NEGROES' BLOOD.' Surely, sir, the declaration of the Senator, that 'he was glad the authorities of Boston had put chains about the Court-House,' will be grateful to an administration which demands that its friends shall be 'BAPTIZED IN NEGROES' BLOOD.'

Correspondence of the Cleveland True Democrat.

THE WASHINGTON SLAVE PENS.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 16, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—I have just visited the City Prison for the first time during the present session of Congress. I found poor Drayton in his room, where he is permitted to remain during the day time, being thrust into his inner dungeon at night.—He is in better health than when I last saw him; says that his physical comforts are attended to as well as circumstances permit. Sayres was also with him in the same room. They are supplied with books and papers to read, and thus, as far as possible, occupy their minds. Yet here they are, shut out from the world, separated from their families and friends, with no hope of release until the Angel of death shall come to open their prison-doors, and bid them enter that land where slaveholders and doughfaces can no longer inflict punishment upon men for their love of liberty. It is now nearly four years since they made an attempt to assist some eighty of their fellow-beings to break the chains that bound them, and to flee from an oppression unknown among barbarous nations. For this generous and righteous act, they are doomed to a lingering death within the bars and bolts of a dungeon. To ask the present Executive to pardon them would be a waste of words and of effort.

They were pleased to see me. They never fail, when I call, to allude to my first visit to them. It was on the morning after they first entered their gloomy abode. They, with the whole eighty slaves, had been captured, brought back, and thrust into prison. There was great and general excitement through the city. The slave dealers were collecting from all quarters to purchase the victims who had been penned. Baltimore, Annapolis, Richmond, Alexandria had poured fourth troops of these human vultures, who had gathered at the prison in order to speculate in human flesh. There were the two Edmondson sisters, their talented, genteel and manly brother; there was Mrs. Madison's body-servant and others equally intelligent, shut up for market in these barracoons. The vestibule of the prison was filled with purchasers.

When I arrived, I announced my name to the keeper, and requested him to show me to the cell of Drayton and Sayres. He appeared astonished, whispered to his officers and assistants, and soon led the way up stairs. When I reached their cell, and informed them who I was, and told them I had come to assure them of their safety from mob violence, and that, to the extent of my influence, they should have a legal trial, they appeared to be overwhelmed. They had expected a violent death under Lynch law, and you can better imagine their feelings than I can describe them, when they were told that they had friends in the city who would protect their legal rights.

It was there, while conversing with Drayton, that the mob ascended to the landing at the gate which opened into the hall where the keeper had led the way, and from which I was separated from Drayton's cell by an iron-grated door, through which we conversed. They directed the keeper to open the iron gate, which would permit them to enter this hall in which he and I were standing. He refused. They then told me that I must leave instantly, or my life would be in danger. At this, poor Drayton appeared to be struck with horror, and it was some time before he became so far recovered as to converse intelligibly.

What followed needs no repetition. All recollect the three days of excitement, of mob violence, and of terror. In the House of Representatives, the storm raged and members raved, and said in public debate, that they would head a mob to execute violence on the member from your district, for having visited these men. Hale broke forth in the Senate, and slaveholding wrath was kindled up in that grave body. Many and varied have been the scenes which I have since witnessed. Thousands of miles have I travelled, enjoying the sunshine and the zephyrs of heaven, associating with friends and acquaintances, but there, in their gloomy abode, these victims still remain, surrounded by walls of stone and iron; and there they are doomed to remain, while they live, monuments to the barbarity of this land of boasted freedom.

I also called on Noah Hanson. He is an educated man of genteel deportment, with just colored blood enough to show that some of his ancestors belonged to the African race. Two years ago, he was serving at the house of S. R. Cox, in this city. Two slaves, belonging to Mr. Colcock, a Representative from South Carolina, escaped, and were subsequently found in one of Cox's outbuildings. This man was suspected, and being a colored man, was easily convicted of assisting them, although the slaves denied it, notwithstanding they were repeatedly flogged to compel them to implicate Hanson. On conviction, he was fined $1080, and sentenced to remain in prison until the fine shall be paid. For this offence he has already been in prison eighteen months. He has a mother who was dependant upon him for support while he was free; but that mother, and the scenes of his childhood, he will never more see. He is doomed to drag out a miserable life within the walls of a dungeon.

I recollect hearing a member of Congress, many years since, tell of having seen a white man shoot a colored boy for walking over a bridge across the canal near the city, thereby frightening some ducks at which the white man was trying to get a shot. They flew, and the sportsman turned round and shot the boy, who died in two days afterwards. But not a resident of Washington was disposed to prosecute his murderer. The gentleman went himself to the authorities, and stated the facts, and informed them that the subject should be brought up in the House, unless the murderer was arrested. Process was finally issued, the murderer was imprisoned, and soon after it was said he had broken jail and escaped, and was no more heard of. But this man, for assisting his fellow-man to break his chains, is doomed to linger and waste his life in a living grave. This is a specimen of the justice of Congressional legislation.

Yours.

From the Essex County Freeman.

THE AMERICAN INQUISITION. Drayton and Sayres, who are now lying in the Washington City jail, and have been for four years, for the attempt to carry off to a free State, and place in the condition of freemen, some seventy slaves held in the District and county adjacent to it, were condemned not for that one offence, but by legal technicality and Southern vengeance, *for as many offences as there were slaves, viz., seventy-four*, so that the aggregate fine and cost amounts to near seventeen thousand dollars. Drayton and Sayres are poor men, and the amount of fine is equivalent to *perpetual imprisonment*. So says the National Era. Talk of the Dungeons of Austria! What cannot the Austrians say, in return, of the Dungeons of Washington?

We understand, moreover, that Drayton may not, and probably will not, live long under this confinement, being of a weak constitution. Sayres is stronger. Their intended imprisonment is to last, we learn, over *seventy* years. This is the penalty for attempting to give freedom to *slaves*, in *free* America! Humanity is thus punished in our Happy Republic! where all men are said to be born free and equal!

From the Banner of the Times.

LETTER TO KOSSUTH.

That unflinching advocate of human liberty, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, has recently addressed a letter to GOV. KOSSUTH, on the subject of Slavery, in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society. There is not a more untiring laborer in the field of anti-slavery than Mr. Garrison. With all his soul he hates tyranny, and on every occasion is true to principle and the noble impulses of his nature. Perhaps he errs, and misapprehends the true motives of the illustrious Hungarian; but be this as it may, this letter abounds with gigantic argument, and pictures of the horrors of slavery, which thrill the whole being as we read. Never before did this monster oppression appear so truly awful as when reading that letter—never did its horrors appear so dreadfully real, and never did we so thoroughly detest this hell-begotten system of iniquity.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper.

DR. DEWEY ON THE PROGRESS OF SLAVERY.

There are some men whom we may set apart, especially, as texts for anti-slavery discourses. They offend against the cause of liberty so frequently, so grossly, and at the same time so influentially, that not to attack them is to desert the cause of the slave. Prominent among this class stands the Rev. Dr. Dewey, esteemed by many the pride and ornament of American Unitarianism. Learned and eloquent, and by no means indifferent to the applause and honors of this world, he is ever active in the propagation of theories which serve to attract attention to himself, and to make him a subject of comment by the press. Ever since his return from Europe, some eight years ago, his name has been more or less involved in the discussion of American slavery, and in a manner quite as discreditable to his candor as to his sense of right and wrong. His grand apology for slavery, at the Tabernacle, on his return from England, was, in all its essential features, precisely what might have been expected from a regular slave-trader, and wholly unbecoming an ambassador of Christ. In that discourse he maintained a proposition, not original with himself, but laid down by Henry Clay, that the white and black races cannot live together in a state of freedom, and that between them there must be an impassible barrier. A strange doctrine, truly, from the lips of one who claims to be a minister of that religion, a leading feature of which is, that 'God has made of one blood all nations, for to dwell upon the earth,' that all men are brethren and children of a common Father, and equally the objects of His care and love.

We give elsewhere in our present number, another 'deliverance' from Dr. Dewey, on what he terms the '*terrible question*' of slavery, under the head of 'DR. DEWEY ON PROGRESS AND REFORM.' It will be seen that the Dr. denies, with surprise and indignation, the statement attributed to him, declaring that he had rather send his mother into slavery, than that this *Union* should be dissolved; but admits that he said *he* would consent that his '*brother*' should go, and he would consent to go himself to avert a catastrophe so dreadful as that of the dissolution of the Union. To us, this denial does not mend the matter. If the first supposed declaration was shocking, this is not less wicked. Dr. Dewey knew to whom he was speaking, the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the impression his language would be likely to make. He was for consenting that somebody should be given up to the horrid fate of slavery; and it matters little to the philanthropist, whether Dr. Dewey consented to the enslavement of his '*mother*,' or to the enslavement of his '*brother*.' To have conceived the thought of doing either, betokens a mind as destitute of principle as of human feeling.

'I would (says Dr. Dewey) *consent that my own brother, my own son, should go into slavery: ten times rather would I go myself, than that this Union should be sacrificed for me, or for us.*' Now is he not another Abraham? ready to sacrifice his son on the altar of the Union, and this, too, without pretending to have seen a vision, or to have heard a divine voice! We are not insensible to the heroism which action corresponding to this declaration displays; and did we think the Doctor was sincere, it would certainly mitigate our abhorrence of the sentiment. But so he cannot be regarded. Slave-hunters were abroad in the vicinity where these words were dropped. The trembling fugitive was hiding from his merciless pursuers, in cellars, closets and garrets. The moral sense and feeling of the community were stirred to their depths by the meditated outrage; and Christian men, on all sides, were declaring that the scandalous crime against humanity should not be perpetrated; in steps Dr. Dewey, and virtually says, '*Men and brethren, you are all wrong!* It is far better that that trembling fugitive should be handed over to the tormentors, than that this glorious Union should be dissolved;' and with the sanction of this eminent divine, the trembling fugitive, SIMMS is dragged back, with chains on his limbs, and fetters on his arms, to the wretched lot of 'A SLAVE FOR LIFE.' Had Dr. Dewey presented himself at the time of this dreadful scene, and stepped between Simms and his doubtful fate, and said to the heartless man-hunters, 'It is human blood you want—take me—my son, or my brother, but spare this man,' what now seems empty declamation, would challenge the admiration of all, as noble, heroic and Christ-like. The Doctor is willing to give himself up and save the Union, *when* no such sacrifice is required; and since we know that the surrender of fugitives is the condition tendered by the South to the North, for the perpetuity of the Union, it is fair to say that Dr. Dewey is in favor of complying with this condition. It is nothing that he deems it a disagreeable duty; it is nothing his feelings revolt at it; he is as much an enemy to humanity as is Daniel Webster, or any one else who would catch slaves with alacrity.

This '*Reverend*' preserver of the Union, at the expense of justice, humanity and liberty, makes a distinction between *sending* a man into slavery, and *consenting* to the act. *A distinction in words, certainly, but not in morality.* Saul was as guilty of the blood of Stephen (and doubtless he so regarded himself) as those who actually threw the stones that killed him. '*I said nothing of sending anybody,*' (says the Doctor,) but why not? If it be right to consent, it cannot be wrong to do the deed which is consented to. The explanation of the motive of your alleged distinction must be sought in your dignity, not in your morality and humanity, for they have already yielded to your consent. '*I respect the feelings and situation of the people of the South. I share the sentiments of the bulk of the people at the North,*' says the Doctor with emphasis. We make no doubt of it. But what does it all amount to? What is there to respect in the feelings of slaveholders, or be proud of, in sharing the sentiments of the people of the North? The feelings of the slaveholder go jointly with his iron grasp on the bodies and souls of his victims, and the North '*consent*.' There are clearly here no two parties, but the North and South are banded together over the bleeding form of the down-trodden slave. To sympathize with and respect the feelings of the *slaveholder*, is to sympathize with and to respect *slaveholding*. This sympathy is the most precious cordial to the guilty traffickers in human flesh; and well Dr. Dewey knows it. But for this sympathy and this respect so deeply felt by our Northern divines, our land might soon be delivered from the foul curse and crime of slavery. They turn his theory of liberty into nonsense; his obligations of duty into folly; his doctrine of human brotherhood into absurdity; and his prayers for the oppressed into mockery. With respect and sympathy for the slaveholders, Dr Dewey may have a free pass through all the Southern States, and preach, and pray, and lecture, without the slightest apprehension for his safety.

'*I have had the misfortune to be misconstrued,*' says the Doctor. This is not at all to be wondered at. Men who talk both ways, for and against everything in the world, will often have to make this pathetic complaint. The straightforward man is a man easily understood; but he who seeks a middle course between right and wrong, will be constantly beset with entanglements.

Dr. Dewey is a man of learning, of eloquence and of genius; he is blessed with a singular power of expression, yet he is constantly being '*misconstrued*.' It is an old complaint with him. He was '*misconstrued*' in England. He has been '*misconstrued*' in Massachusetts, and in all the Northern States. The abolitionists have always misconstrued him, but we believe it has never been his fortune to be misconstrued at the South. There, his 'sheep know his voice.' Slaveholders understand him—know him—and apprehend no evil to slavery from him. His mission, as a minister, does not disturb them. His gospel has no hope for the slave, and no terror for the slaveholder. Fillmore and his cabinet of slave-catchers can sit under his ministry, and listen without trembling, as he reasons of '*temperance, righteousness, and a judgment to come*;' for they know that the vital element of the *true prophet* of God is not in the man. One shrill cry from an honest man, 'WOE! WOE! WOE! TO THE TRAFFICKERS IN HUMAN FLESH!' would convulse and scatter his whole congregation at Washington! Dr. Dewey remains there only because he '*daubs with untempered mortar*,' and cries '*Peace, peace, when there is no peace*.' He is protected there by his sympathy with and respect for slaveholders.

We shall probably have occasion to revert to this gentleman again.

The Fugitive Law.—The United States are said to have expended some seventy thousand dollars to no other purpose than to gratify the slaveholders of Maryland. Thus has the Fugitive Law given rise to the murder of three white and four colored men in Pennsylvania, since its passage. Indeed, a civil war may be said to exist on the borders of that State.

MR. WEBSTER AND THE UNION PLATFORM.

Mr. Webster, in playing for a new party, seems to make but poor progress. The Washington *Southern Press* comments on Mr. Webster's closing remarks at Niblo's, as follows:

We give the whole of this peroration—partly because it is eloquent, and partly because it shows where Mr. Webster wants to go. That it is sophistical and false in its statements, every one can see. The attempt to revive the cry of treason, and establish his claims as the champion of the Union and the Constitution, is utterly futile at this late hour of the day; and even more so, the idea of galvanizing into motion the corpse of the Northern Union organization.

With the same inconsistency that characterises most of the active agitators on the Compromise bill, Mr. Webster proclaims that the Union is in danger yet, and needs a fusion and confusion of parties to save it still. 'The great point at stake is its preservation. Other questions—questions of policy—are subordinate, this is paramount.' Then follows a general slap at those who wont commit themselves. He distinctly declares that the only way the Government can be protected and preserved, is by '*the union of all its friends*, without reference to the past or pledge for the future.' To *all* such, Mr. Webster gives his 'countenance,' 'confidence,' 'influence,' 'heart and hand'—in the hope that they will reciprocate the compliment.

The whole drift of this exposition shows that Mr. Webster has no idea of giving up the business of 'saving the Union.' He regards that as *his* 'thunder,' as he once said of the Proviso to Wilmot. And therefore he is compelled to 'keep both parties alive,' by unfolding the dire designs of the 'secessionists and extremists,' who 'hate *the* Constitution,' and 'are willing to overthrow it to accomplish their ends.' For it is self-evident that if the Union is in no danger, there is no necessity for organizations to 'save it' over again; and if the Compromise is really the thing it was declared to be by Mr. Webster, and those true friends of his and the Union at the North stand to it, his platform is unnecessary.

Either, then, Mr. Webster was wrong last summer, or he is wrong now; and the great majority of the Whig party will doubtless be astonished by this last exposition of his.

We might easily proceed to dissect and expose the fallacious and specious statement [illegible] which Mr. Webster seeks to reorganize *his* [illegible] party—but the facts are too familiar to need repetition. We merely desire to invite the attention of his Whig friends to the fact, that he is still harping on the same string, and still stubbornly bent on 'saving the Union' over again, and reaping the benefits thereof. This thing, at least, is evident—that he cares not to compete with either of his rivals for the regular nomination—with one hand knocking down the Fillmore Compromise platform, and with the other the non-committal policy of the friends of Scott. He 'takes no step backward' from his original position, with regard to the nomination, and the party that is to sustain his pretensions.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

LIGHT WANTED.

We would thank John Brown, or some other trust-worthy confident of the present administration, to let us know with whom the contemplated expedition to Japan originated, and what is its secret history. It evidently has a secret history, in which the public has an interest. All we know of it at present is, that three steamers, the Susquehanna, the Missouri, and the Princeton, with a frigate, a sloop-of-war, and a store-ship, are to be sent into the Japan seas, for the purpose of opening a commerce with the inhabitants of Niphon and Jesso.

It is usual to send commercial vessels to foreign ports when the interests of commerce are to be consulted, but in this instance the usage has been departed from, because the Japanese authorities, considering themselves better off without our commerce than with it, have declined the overtures which have been made to them, not only by the Americans, but by the traders of all other foreign nations. For the purpose, however, of opening the eyes and the ports of the Japanese at the same time to the advantages of our commerce, the President has taken upon himself to order a squadron, under the command of Commodore Perry, to visit this empire, and there to do what of course could not be done by peaceful merchant vessels, but, nevertheless, to do what, no one precisely knows. Now, that is what we would like to get at. If we did not know President Fillmore to be, in the strictest sense of the word, a non-interventionist; if we did not know that he habitually carried about his person moral pocket-handkerchiefs with appropriate extracts from Washington's farewell address against entangling alliances, inscribed conspicuously upon them, we might mistrust an intention to procure from the Japanese by terror, privileges which no nation has yet been able to procure by negotiation. But by his treatment of Kossuth, the President has happily placed himself above any suspicions of that kind.

The question recurs, why is this armed squadron, under the command of a distinguished Commodore, to be sent, at an expense of at least a million of dollars, to the antipodes, to visit a people who, we know in advance, will not be visited by them, if they can prevent it?

We are sure the origin of this expedition must have a curious secret history. Can no one furnish it to us? Can no one tell us who are to be plundered, the United States or the Japanese?—who are to make their piles out of it?—who are to go as commercial agents, and how much freight is each to be allowed to take out, and how much to bring back?

Will John Brown have the kindness to make a note of this matter, and see what he can learn?

From the Ohio A. S. Bugle.

MASSACHUSETTS A. S. SOCIETY.

By a notice on our first page, it will be seen that this Society has commissioned and sent forth a company of most efficient agents. It is the association which by its wisdom and energy leads the way in the great enterprise for freedom.

For a score of years it has annually assembled, exhibiting a purity of purpose and a clearness of vision which have enabled it to take new and advanced positions as the exigencies of the changing conflict have demanded. Most violent have been the denunciations of enemies, and deprecatory the counsel of timid friends. But results have proved, that those who have been most fearless and unceasing in *doing* the will of truth and justice, have been those who have had most wisdom to decide what should be done.

The community has advanced, wonderfully advanced; but the consecrated, working abolitionists every where are now as far in advance as ever. To the Church, their position may be a stumbling-block, and to the politicians foolishness—yet none the less are they the wisdom and the power that must and will save the nation. When it shall be true that abolitionists have ceased to go forward, their mission will have ended, and the grave may as well speedily close over their organizations. But this time has not yet come with the Massachusetts Society, if we may judge from their last anniversary, and from the energy with which they commence the labors of the new year.

OUTRAGE UPON MASSACHUSETTS.

Had any municipal authorities of Massachusetts caught four citizens of Texas in the act, not of giving liberty to a human being, either justly or unjustly deprived of his liberty on our territory, but in abducting a team of horses worth a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and had the said authorities imprisoned the four Texans, and then sold them as slaves to pay their jail fees, what a row there would have been in Texas and in Washington! It remains to be seen how tamely Massachusetts will behold her free citizens abused as brutes for a far more venial offence. The protection of the rights of the citizen is the most valuable prerogative of State sovereignty. These rights, by the Constitution of the U. States are not left at the mercy of the legislation or lawlessness of other States. The time has come to see whether this Constitutional guarantee is worth anything or not. If it is worthless, the sooner the Union is dissolved, the better. If our representatives in Congress have any fidelity to their constituents, they will move an inquiry into this matter. If President Fillmore has any justice or consistency in him, he will instantly issue his proclamation to the federal officers of Texas, to see to it that the Constitution and laws are vindicated.—*Commonwealth.*

☞ We are waiting, with no little solicitude, for the report of the Senate Committee, respecting the sale of the four colored citizens of Boston, at Galveston. Will the Chairman of that Committee (Mr. Burlingame) see that no time is lost in the premises?

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, MARCH 12, 1852.

DISUNION.

'The strongest conceivable rebuke to Mr. Garrison,' says the Washington *Union*, 'is that Mr. Rhett is laboring to the same end of disunion with himself. The strongest conceivable argument to turn Mr. Rhett from his madness is the fact that Mr. Garrison is his ally.' This 'argument,' on the one hand, and this 'rebuke,' on the other, seem to challenge at least a slight examination.

Mr. Garrison is in favor of a dissolution of the Union; so is Mr. Rhett; therefore, each should feel himself convicted of folly and madness by his agreement with the other!

Such is the logic of the *Union*. If it be sound, it is equally effective in another direction. The *Union* is and ever has been rancorous in its opposition to the Free Soil movement, especially as represented in the persons of Joshua R. Giddings, John P. Hale, and Charles Allen, whom it professes to regard as disorganizers and traitors, simply because they are opposed to the further extension of slavery. Nevertheless, Messrs. Giddings, Hale and Allen claim to be devoted Unionists; so do the editors of the *Union*. The former alike discountenance the disunion doctrines of Mr. Rhett and Mr. Garrison; so do the latter. Ergo, 'the strongest conceivable rebuke to' Messrs. Giddings, Hale and Allen, 'is the fact that' the editors of the *Union* are 'laboring to the same end of' union as themselves; and 'the strongest conceivable argument to turn' the editors of the *Union* 'from their madness is the fact that' Messrs. Giddings, Hale and Allen 'are their allies'! Is not this as clear as mud? Certainly; for, according to the old saw, 'it is a poor rule that will not work both ways.'

Now, Mr. Garrison is not able to discover why he should feel himself rebuked by the position of Mr. Rhett. It is equally plain, that Mr. Rhett does not consider himself convicted of error by the position of Mr. Garrison.

'Extremes meet. The disunionists of the North and of the South train in the same company, and are marching to effect the same object.'

Very well. 'Extremes meet. The Unionists of the North (Free Soilers and all) and of the South are "hail fellows, well met," and rally around the same standard—UNION FOR EVER.'

Let us puncture this bladder of sophistry.

Extremes may sometimes meet, but they never coalesce, and are never identical. An extremely profligate person may reform and become extremely censorious and pharisaical, but he does not occupy the same position. An extremely cold and an extremely hot day meet in their extremity, but not in their result. The North Pole is at one extreme, the South Pole at the other, but they do not meet.

'The middle course is the safest.' Between what? Between Christ and Belial—liberty and slavery—right and wrong—integrity and villany? Who will affirm this, explicitly? And until an antagonist appears in the field, it is useless to beat the air.

The controversy with slavery is not one of expediency, trade, political economy, party rivalry, or sectional interest: if it were, it might admit of mutual compromise, generous magnanimity, liberal concession, extreme forbearance. It is, primarily and essentially, a moral one, and therefore paramount to all other considerations—inexorable as the law of gravitation, incapable of dilution, authorizing no temporary or lasting truce, and involving the supremacy of the Eternal Lawgiver. We affirm slavery to be morally wrong, the acme of human transgression, an utter violation of inalienable rights; and, therefore, we are morally precluded from treating it as a question of personal accommodation, circumstantial toleration, or necessary endurance. Indulgences for slaveholding can no more be allowed than indulgences for lying, theft, piracy or murder. God never created a human being to be a slave; therefore, he never created one to be a slaveholder. The sin of slavery, like every other sin, must be dealt with in an uncompromising spirit, and abandoned at whatever cost or hazard.

This is the sum total of our anti-slavery 'fanaticism'—this is the 'extreme point' which we occupy, and which is so generally treated as absurd and dangerous. 'If the Lord be God, serve him; if Baal, then serve him.' A joint worship is spurious and impossible. It does not lie in our power to consent to a mixture of the service. The soul loyal to principle ever says to the tempter, though he proffer all the kingdoms of the world as an inducement to compromise, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

On what ground and with what intent are we disunionists? Not because we are for wrath, or discord, or strife; not because we do not yearn to see peace and unity prevail throughout this vast republic; not because we are desirous of bringing tribulation or distress upon the Southern portion of it. It is for radically moral and deeply religious considerations. 'The ground of the Northern fanatic,' says the Washington *Union*, in the article we are criticising, 'is, that the Constitution violates all "higher law," by giving perfect legal protection to the institution of slavery.' This statement is correct. If the premises are sound, is not the conclusion inevitable? If the Constitution violates 'all higher law,' i. e. the law of God—if it gives (as it does) the most ample protection to the institution of slavery—then it cannot be upheld without criminality. The Washington *Union* contends for an exact fulfilment of all the slaveholding provisions of the Constitution, and vindicates the slave system, while it claims to be the very mouth-piece and authoritative exponent of a pure democracy! The difference between us and the *Union* is, we consistently adhere to the principles we lay down, while the *Union* daily gives the lie to its own professions, and as constantly convicts itself of the grossest hypocrisy and the blackest immorality. It 'trusts that such ultraism' (!) as ours 'is disappearing from the land.' That there is very little of it to be found in the land is lamentably manifest. It is appalling to see how few there are who regard principle more than profit, rectitude more than success, righteousness above reputation. Right, justice, humanity, liberty, the higher law, the sovereignty of God, are every where compromised, and the compromise is defended on the ground of a wise conservatism, avoiding extremes, choosing the least of two evils, getting as much for God and giving as little to Satan as the case will allow, &c. &c. 'Compromise' is stamped on the brow of the State, on the heart of the Church; it is the national watchword and policy; it is regarded as the most brilliant statesmanship and the best evidence of a sound piety. It is to this nation what the frogs, and lice, and leprosy, were to oppressing Egypt, a universal curse and contagion. Talk of the Order of the Jesuits! No people were ever so thoroughly saturated with Jesuitism as the Americans. It has become habitual with them to lie, cheat, rob, enslave, and commit all manner of abominations, pretendedly in order that good may come. With them, at all times, the end sanctifies the means, no matter how atrocious or how immoral those means. They are rotten to the core; and, therefore, 'he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey.' The Washington *Union* consoles itself with the hope, that soon not a man will be found to stand in the gap, and that the moral ruin of the entire population will be complete!

That paper taunts us with 'ultraism.' When or where have we gone beyond the principle we have laid down regarding slavery, or in what respect is the principle defective? Is it true, that the Creator has made *one* portion of the human race to be the goods and chattels of another? Were the signers of the Declaration of Independence guilty of folly and falsehood in asserting it to be a self-evident truth, 'that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty'? If so, what is the difference between Democracy and Absolute Despotism? Will the *Union* answer these interrogations, plainly and without equivocation?

We shall also be thankful for light from the same quarter, that we may see at what point Mr. Rhett and Mr. Garrison 'meet and aid each other.' The former is the advocate of perpetual slavery; the latter seeks the immediate abolition of the system. The former favors a dissolution of the Union, not because he is not satisfied with the Constitution as it is, but on the ridiculous pretence, that the spirit of the compact has been violated by the North, to the prostration of Southern rights—when it is notorious that the reverse of this has been the truth for more than half a century. The latter advocates a dissolution of the Union, on account of the slaveholding concessions in the Constitution, believing the compact to be 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.' Where is the conjunction of the parties? 'But Mr. Rhett thinks the dissolution of the Union will give greater security to slavery, through the formation of a powerful Southern confederacy; while Mr. Garrison thinks it will almost immediately terminate the system.' Very well; but where is the agreement? The conviction of Mr. Garrison, in this particular, is that of the Southern slaveholders, by an overwhelming majority: we presume the *Union* will not deny that this is its own conviction. Mr. Rhett is regarded by all parties in the country as laboring under a mental hallucination. Even Charleston, the focal point of disunion at the South, records its verdict against it.

We beg leave to remind the *Union* of a very wide difference existing between Mr. Rhett and Mr. Garrison, touching this matter of a dissolution of the existing confederacy. The former is untrue to his own declarations. While claiming to be a disunionist, and representing a small faction much given to vaporing in Carolina, he nevertheless takes his seat in the U. S. Senate, tenaciously occupies that seat, and thus makes himself a party to the government, as much as any other Senator. Mr. Garrison, as a disunionist, stands outside of the government, repudiates the elective franchise, and thus makes his practice correspond with his theory. We have no wish to impeach the sincerity of Mr. Rhett or his constituents; but we confess ourselves unable to place any confidence in it; so long as their conduct is directly in the teeth of their profession. The disunionism of the South is 'as empty as the whistling wind.' That of the North is based upon absolute justice, the claims of suffering humanity, unchanging principle, and a deep religious sentiment. It means what it says—is unconquerable in its energy, unfaltering in its faith, steadfast in its purpose, and invincible in its position. The spirit which animates it is identical with that which has characterized every apostolic and martyr movement since the reformation of a fallen world began.

KOSSUTH AND HIS CAUSE.

For several weeks past, we have occupied a very large portion of the *Liberator* with articles either in condemnation or approval of the course which the Hungarian leader has seen fit to take in relation to American slavery. Perhaps our readers are growing weary of the theme. We shall be glad to be released from its further prosecution at the earliest practicable period. While, however, Kossuth remains in the country, canvassing the several States for 'material aid,' seeking to involve this government in an European conflict, and enacting the part of a patriotic Sir Pertinax MacSycophant wherever he travels, his movements must challenge attention, and necessarily elicit discussion. How he is to be appreciated, doubtless our readers have generally made up their minds; and there seems to be nothing new to be added to confirm or reverse their verdict, whatever it may be.

On our last page, we give the remarks of Dr. Mann, in defence of Kossuth, made at the late anniversary of the Massachusetts A. S. Society; not exactly as they were delivered, however—for, in writing them out for the press, he has added much that he intended to say, but did not. To screen Kossuth from censure, in a particular instance, he says—

'Most abolitionists think the Constitution is an anti-slavery* instrument, and that slavery is unconstitutional. Excepting present company, every prominent abolitionist in this country, whose opinion is publicly known, thinks so. O'Connell and other European statesmen have expressed the same opinion. Mr. Lysander Spooner's "Unconstitutionality of Slavery" is pronounced, by able lawyers, to be conclusive on the subject. Mr. Garrison, with a candor which does him the highest honor, has admitted it to be unanswerable; and Mr. Phillips has demonstrated it to be so, by attempting to answer it. . . Can the Hungarian be blamed for not being illuminated by *the single ray of light which falls no where but upon this platform?*'

Each of the declarations crowded into this extract is a misstatement, saturated with egotism. What we said of Mr. Spooner's ingenious but highly unsatisfactory treatise on the 'Unconstitutionality of Slavery,' on its appearance, was a tribute to the ability of its author—adding,

'As an effort of logic unanswerable; as a matter of fact, it makes no impression upon us. . . Fact is to be preferred to logic; intention is mightier than legal interpretation; the people knew to what they were giving their assent, and no doubt prevailed on the subject in any part of the country.' . . 'To say that the people knew and believed, that the adoption of the Constitution would be a proclamation for universal emancipation; to say that they did not mean, in good faith, as the condition of union between the free and the slave States, to grant permission to the slaveholders to seize their fugitive slaves in any part of the republic—to represent three fifths of their slave population in Congress—to carry on the foreign slave trade for twenty years under the national flag—to secure the aid of the general government, in case of servile insurrections—this, surely, is to utter a bold word, and to give the lie to a myriad of facts, which can no more be rationally disputed, than the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, or the existence of the republic.'

What Dr. Mann says of O'Connell is equally a perversion of his sentiments. The language used by O'Connell was—

'Amongst all those who composed the Convention of 1787, there was not one who had the moral courage—I was about to say the immoral courage—to insert the word SLAVERY in the Constitution. . . They call it, "persons held to labor"—that is the phrase they use; but dare any one say that slavery is implied in these words? . . I repeat it, they have not used the word. *They meant slavery*—THEY INTENDED TO HAVE SLAVES, but they dared not employ the word; and "persons held to labor" was as near as they dared approach to it.'

The parties to the Constitution meant slaves by the words 'persons held to labor'—and the instrument is, in good faith, what they meant it to be; and the legislation and judicial action of the country have been uniformly in accordance with the fact.

Dr. Mann avers that, 'excepting present company, every prominent abolitionist in this country, whose opinion is publicly known, thinks the Constitution is an anti-slavery instrument'—i. e. endorses Mr. Spooner's position! Whether Dr. M. considers such men as Charles Sumner, J. R. Giddings, John P. Hale and Salmon P. Chase as abolitionists, we cannot say; but we presume he does, as he is a Free Soiler. Not one of these individuals, or any other prominent member of the Free Soil party, so regards the Constitution; no eminent judge or lawyer so regards it; the whole people, ever since their adoption of the Constitution, have given the lie to such an interpretation of the instrument. And yet Dr. M. has the folly to intimate, that a pro-slavery construction of the Constitution is given 'no where but upon the anti-slavery platform'!

Kossuth's silence on the subject of slavery, Dr. M. says with amusing complacency, 'is in accordance with the advice of the leading anti slavery men of New York, including Lewis Tappan, Judge Jay, and the heads of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.' We are quite willing this fact should be permanently recorded. 'Our withers are unwrung.'

If Dr. M. can see any analogy between his imaginary case of a man attempting to save certain drowning children and that of Kossuth, he has clearer optics than we possess. The crime of Kossuth is that he comes to those who are remorselessly engaged (to continue the figure) in throwing children into the deep, and who threaten to inflict violence on any who shall attempt to save them; and he lavishly compliments them as the true friends of humanity, without a stain upon their character!

There is a great deal of truth in the poetical adage—'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind'—and this has never been more strikingly illustrated than in the nominal anti-slavery defence of Kossuth in certain quarters. Dr. Mann will remember how actively he once labored to suppress the *Liberator* and to break down the Massachusetts A. S. Society, in common with other new organizationists; though we trust and believe he is in a more friendly spirit now. Who has been more despicable or malignant in his attacks upon the old Anti-Slavery Society and the *Liberator* than the editorial whiffler of the *Commonwealth*? As for Lewis Tappan and his co-workers, who expects them to be anything else than compromisers? Why should not all trimmers, backsliders, and apostates from unadulterated abolitionism give the right hand of fellowship to the pliable and sycophantic Hungarian? They do so—as far as we can learn, without an exception. The defection of such men as Louis Kossuth and Theobald Mathew is a windfall to them. Not that all who seek to exculpate Kossuth from anti-slavery censure are to be placed in this category: we speak, now, only of old betrayers and deserters.

* Misprinted 'pro-slavery.'

CONTEMPTIBLE APOSTACY.

Some of the Webster Whig journals are chuckling over a very weak and impotent speech of the Hon. George T. Davis, of Greenfield, in the U. S. House of Representatives, recently made in reply to the Hon. Robert Rantoul. Mr. Davis was formerly one of the Vice Presidents of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, and very zealous as an abolitionist. He is now a servile admirer and eulogist of Daniel Webster! Mr. Rantoul having alluded to the anti-slavery character and connection of Mr. Davis in other times, the latter undertakes to set up the following defence:—

'If my colleague, after showing my course ten or fifteen years ago, had said that since that period, when I held opinions certainly intolerant and proscriptive, and which I do not intend to justify, I have voted twice for a slaveholding President, and that, in 1844, I was elected a delegate to the Convention, and favored the election of such a candidate; if he had gone on and said that in my own district during two trials, I was opposed by the Free Soil party in mass; if he had said all this, it would not now be necessary for me to notice his remarks.

During a life of observation and experience, it would be very singular if we did not sometimes change our views under the light of additional wisdom. This probably will be assented to by my colleague before I finish: a period of not longer than three weeks will serve him. (Laughter.)

Changes will ever be found both in the minds of Northern and Southern gentlemen. If I am not misinformed, a Southern member on this floor, representing a slaveholding constituency, at one period of his life held opinions similar to those I entertained, but this does not now interfere with his enjoyment of the confidence of a Southern constituency.'

Can there be reached a lower depth of meanness, treachery and personal degradation than this? Abandoning the cause of enslaved millions, going over to the side of their murderous oppressors, repudiating old and cherished anti-slavery principles and sentiments, and boasting of having voted twice for a slaveholding President; and attempting to justify it all under the absurd plea, that 'Changes will ever be found both in the minds of Northern and Southern gentlemen'! Beyond all doubt, there will be some striking changes, ere long, in the minds of the electors in the District now represented (?) by Mr. Davis! How often and how long is Massachusetts to be dishonored and betrayed in this manner?

A SERIOUS LOSS.

The entire destruction of the neat and commodious church, which SAMUEL J. MAY and his liberal and enlightened congregation have hitherto occupied at Syracuse, by the falling of the steeple during a violent gale, is a serious pecuniary loss to the parties directly interested, and calls not only for sympathy but substantial aid, for the construction of a new edifice. The case is peculiar in its appeals to the friends of Humanity and Progress, in whatever State located. Mr. May is one of the purest, best, and most philanthropic men living, enjoying the unbounded confidence and regard of all who are intimately acquainted with him. His was indeed a free pulpit, and mighty have been the influences for good that have emanated from it since his settlement. It was freely offered, as opportunity presented, to the friends of reform, whether men or women, and irrespective of theological opinions; and nobly did the congregation uphold this freedom. On Sunday last, THEODORE PARKER took occasion to refer to the destruction of this church, and bestowed upon Mr. May a panegyric as richly merited as it was beautiful—representing him as 'a philanthropist without cant, and a Christian without bigotry,' and stating that FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq. would act as treasurer to forward any donation to Mr. May, that any might feel disposed to make towards the erection of another building. We hope the appeal will be liberally responded to in this section.

One thing we beg leave to urge upon the consideration of our suffering friends in Syracuse. Their beautiful house was destroyed in consequence of its lofty steeple falling upon and crushing it to the earth. In erecting another building, let there be no such hazard again incurred, and no such waste of means. A belfrey, sufficiently elevated to contain the bell, is all that is needed. Tall steeples are equally expensive and dangerous, and commonly erected through rivalry and vain-glory. George Fox entertained many and well-founded objections to them, especially in connection with religious worship; and we think his was an enlightened testimony.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

☞ The *Christian Examiner*, for March, has been published. The articles are:—I. Balmes on Civilization, by Rev. John Cordner, Montreal, Canada; II. Ethics, pure, mixed and applied, by Rev. Thomas Hill, Waltham; III. Rights and Wrongs of Women, by Professor C. C. Felton; IV. The Massachusetts General Hospital, Edward Jarvis, M. D., Dorchester; V. Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, Rev. Edward E. Hale, Worcester; VI. Guizot on the Religion of the Age, Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D., Boston; VII. Authorship of the Imprecatory Psalms, Thomas Bulfinch, Esq., Boston; VIII. Squier's Nicaragua, C. C. Smith, Esq., Boston; IX. Christ our Redemption, Rev. James W. Thompson, D. D., Salem; Recent Publications and Intelligence.

MRS. COE'S LETTER. The letter from this able vindicator of the Rights of Woman, on our last page, is very amusing and edifying, in its exhibition of priestly littleness and cowardice, as revealed at a temperance meeting in Truro, while she was addressing the assembly by special invitation. The attempt to silence her was not merely abortive, but proved highly serviceable to the cause of equal rights and unfettered speech. In her account of the proceedings, where she was abruptly called to order, she says, 'I ventured to call for the point of order.' The words, 'It could not be stated,' should follow this statement, but were accidentally omitted in the manuscript. All credit to the gentlemen named in her letter, and others not named, in Truro, who obtained for her a respectful and triumphant hearing.

OPERATIONS IN WORCESTER COUNTY.

The meeting at Oakdale, on the 8th inst., was not quite up to my anticipations. From the favorable reception which attended the cause at Thomas's Hall two weeks previous, I hoped to see Liberty Hall at Oakdale filled with hearers, both day and evening. This was not the case. There was no notice given the Sunday evening previous, as was expected, on account of the bad weather. But this circumstance does not fully account for the smallness of the meeting during the day. The sectarian feelings of the people carried them during the daytime to their accustomed places of meeting. However, a few broke away, and listened with marked attention to the anti-slavery word.

In the evening, the hall was nearly filled with attentive hearers, and Gen. Hosmer added to the interest of the meeting by giving an account of a fugitive who the week previous had been in Boston, seeking, and fortunately obtaining, substantial aid to secure his freedom. The collection amounted to $1.27, and, on the whole, something, I doubt not, was accomplished for the cause of impartial liberty.

The village of Oakdale is situated about one mile north of West Boylston Centre, and has grown up within a few years, and is one of a large number of villages in Massachusetts which have had a rapid growth under the fostering care of the loom business. There is considerable *friendly* free soil feeling here.

The 15th was the day appointed for a meeting in Marlboro'. It was a very pleasant day, and I went to it with the hope of meeting a goodly number of friends, to cheer on and give spirit to the meeting. It was appointed in the Universalist meeting-house, and when I arrived there, in company with the long tried and good friend of the cause, Charles Brigham, Hon. Fish was already waiting our arrival. The congregation was certainly small enough; and yet, by the presence of some, or, at least, *one*, it was judged that there must have been some misunderstanding of the *kind* of meeting which was expected. This judgment proved correct, and during Mr. Fish's remarks, one man sat quite uneasy till he came to Daniel Webster, and then, in much apparent agony, made his way out of the house. After he had concluded his remarks, we had an explanation, and it was found that some were expecting a *common* religious meeting; which means, we are sorry to say, a religious meeting in which nothing shall be said or done to break every yoke. It was, however, voted unanimously to have the meeting continued. During the adjournment, some friends raised funds sufficient to procure the Town Hall for the evening meeting, and it was accordingly so arranged. Our meeting in the afternoon was attended by the same audience, with two or three exceptions, that favored us with their presence in the morning. In the evening, there were more present, but not enough to fill the hall, by any means. There were other meetings held at the same hour by the sectarians in the vicinity, though the Unitarian minister, Rev. Mr. Alger, and some of his congregation, came into the anti-slavery meeting when theirs was over. The contribution in behalf of the cause, at the close of the meeting, amounted, I think, to about $1.92—showing, in common with other things, that there is much need of a revival of anti-slavery religion in this part of Marlboro'. Mr. Fish and myself were kindly entertained by Mr. Wright, who, with his family, takes a lively interest in this great and just cause. They have our thanks for their kindness and hospitality.

On Saturday, the 21st inst., I went to Clinton to look after the appointment there. I first called upon Mr. Bowers, the Baptist minister, and after stating my object, desired to know whether he felt it to be a duty to furnish any facilities in getting up a meeting. The following brief colloquy ensued:—'What is your name?' 'D. S. Whitney.' 'What Society are you an agent of?' 'The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.' 'Is that Garrison's Society?' 'Mr. Garrison belongs to that Society.' 'No!'—and he turned away, as if there had been quite enough said.

Mr. Hitchcock, Orthodox, was next inquired of. He felt friendly to the objects of the meeting, and provided he knew the person who was to speak, might feel it a privilege to aid in getting up a meeting; but as he didn't know me, I could get no aid from him.

In the evening, I called, with a friend, upon Mr. Livermore, Unitarian, to see what aid and comfort he felt disposed to extend to the cause. He seemed quite surprised at the idea of having an agent of the Mass. A. S. Society ask him what he felt it his duty to do for the cause. He said, among other matters, that he used, some years ago, to go to the Melodeon, and liked to hear such speeches as Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison were wont to make there; but he had grown wiser, he hoped, since then, and now was quite in the dark about the best means to be used for the slave's emancipation. He thought he should like to learn his duty, and would read a notice of the meeting, &c. This call closed my efforts for Saturday night.

The next day, I called upon Dea. John Burditt, who owns a good hall, which, however, is at present rented to the Methodists, by the year, for Sunday and one or two week evenings. He kindly went and asked some of the leading influences if they would give way in the evening for an anti-slavery meeting. They declined. This effectually cut me off for Sunday, and after arranging a meeting for the Monday evening following, in Concert Hall, owned by Dea. Burditt, I returned to my home.

At the appointed hour on Monday evening, I repaired to the Hall, but soon saw that the ministers had the ears of their people in their keeping. A very few candid persons were present, and quite a number of mannerless rowdies, of both sexes. So improper was the conduct of one young lady, that Dea. Burditt, the owner of the hall, could not withhold an open rebuke of such conduct. She felt it, and left. It may serve as an index to the state of anti-slavery sentiment here to inform the reader that this young female is a member of the Methodist Church of Clinton. Dea. Burditt kindly gave the use of the hall, and was much moved at the deadness of the place in the cause of humanity.

The travelling on the evening of the 25th was very unfavorable for a meeting. The congregation at Northboro' was small but attentive. There seems to be a large number of Free Soilers in this town, but, judging from what I could learn, they are less friendly to radical anti-slavery than those of some other places. I would not pass judgment hastily, however, or come to such a conclusion by the smallness of the meeting above described. The weather has very great influence, where the zeal of the people is small. Another occasion might show a different result. It is amazing, however, what ignorance and apathy abound upon this great subject. The press and the pulpit are false to their mission, and the people grope in darkness. The selling into perpetual slavery of Massachusetts men does not arouse the people to any proper sense of their danger, or of the indignity offered the State. In fact, few know any thing about it. The work before the friends of freedom is indeed Herculean. However, the right and the truth are with them, and God shall yet give them complete success.

DANIEL S. WHITNEY.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT. We commend to the patronage of our charitable readers, and those who are pleased with the 'concord of sweet sounds,' the Musical Entertainment to be given at the Masonic Temple on Monday evening next, in behalf of destitute orphans, by that sweet and meritorious singer, JOSHUA HUTCHINSON. [See advertisement.]

☞ An account of our recent visit to Union Village, N. Y. is deferred till next week, to accompany an official report of the proceedings, which we presume will be published in the *Standard* of this week.

LETTER FROM REV. CALVIN FAIRBANK.

Copy of a Letter to the Nashville Christian Advocate.

LOUISVILLE JAIL, Dec. 24, 1851.

Messrs. EDITORS,—and through you to the M. E. Church South, and the Citizens of Kentucky,—

I noticed in the *Advocate*, some days since, a very unhappy allusion to my case, though quite respectful and gentlemanly in its language. I must say, that the *Advocate* has treated the subject with a degree of impartiality that induces me to ask you to admit this reply.

1st. I do not, citizens, deny, nor have I ever denied, that I am an '*abolitionist*.' I would have the Church and the people to understand this; and particularly my views, and the views held by all abolitionists, most of the ministers of the Genesee, East Genesee, Oneida, Black River, New England, and all the other Eastern Conferences of the M. E. Church; most of the ministers of the Congregational, Baptist, Unitarian, and Universalist churches; and a large number of politicians on the 'Higher Law.' This is misapprehended by the South.

It had been my intention, ever after my release from the Frankfort prison, to remove my father's remains from Lexington, Ky., where he fell by cholera, July 7, 1843, a martyr to my cause, to Pike, N. Y., to be buried by the side of my dear sister Harriet, who died April 15th, 1843. In October, I was offered a lucrative employment in the vicinity of Jeffersonville, Indiana, which might detain me for a few weeks. I consented. The danger of making myself known in this vicinity was great; I therefore mingled but little in society, and no one but my personal friends knew my name. I took my letters from the post-office under other names. I discussed the slavery question freely and frankly, whenever and wherever the question came up. On the 2d of November, Mr. Shotwell's slave woman left the place, (Louisville,) and it was stated on oath, before the Police Court on the 17th, that on the 3d, a young woman had obtained my permission to ride in my buggy. I am a prisoner, and write from prison, and therefore do not say what I did or did not in the premises. Had such a case occurred, however, whether the applicant was or was not of African descent, or a slave, I should have granted the request, knowing that in a free State all persons are allowed to be free until they are proved to be slaves, and that it is my right to carry whomsoever I please; and it is nothing more, nothing less, than an exhibition of the spirit and temper of Christ, as shown us in his Testament, to perform such an act of kindness to a brother or sister in need. Says St. James, 2d chapter, 15th and 16th verses, 'If a brother or sister be naked, or destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?' Again, St. James, 3: 17: 'But, whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' This is a transcript of the Higher Law. But, say you, St. Paul bids us obey the 'powers that be.' I reply, there is no power, no legislative enactment, in any free State, prohibiting me from permitting any person to ride with me, unless his or her master or mistress, attorney or agent, clothed with proper authority, under the law of Sept. 15th, 1850, informs me that such person is a slave, belonging to such master or mistress, and has escaped from such service or labor. This, that we term the '*Lower Law*'—though a violation of the Constitution, in that it cuts off *habeas corpus*, issued by 'any person whomsoever,'—does not reach the slave, only 'persons held to service or labor.' Slaves are held to mere *chatteldom*, and putting an innocent construction on language when it will bear it, it reaches no slave 'with irresistible clearness.' This, though harmless in its letter, to the slave, is a violation of the Constitution.

Very few apologists for slavery, I apprehend, will pretend, that that declaration, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal,' is a misnomer; but that, all things being equal, (that is what we mean by 'abstractly') to create slavery, to take a man's liberty from him save for crime of which the party shall have been duly convicted; or else why is it made '*piracy*' by the laws of the U. S. A. to steal a slave from the coast of Africa? What follows, then, is the question? Just this: The only objection raised against interfering with slavery is, that it is making a breach upon law. If, then, it shall appear that I have made no breach upon the law, you are bound to respect me, at least.

The Higher Law. Much has been said upon this subject; and as the *Advocate* seems to misunderstand my views on that subject, I will say, 'Law, technically understood, is the mandatory expression of the State, written out.'—*Prof. Hudson.*

Philosophically, law is a *just* 'mandatory expression of the State, written out.' Law, absolutely understood—law, without limitation or definition, is the adaptation of things to things; not of physics to metaphysics, nor society to physics or metaphysics, necessarily; but in physics, one thing to another, shaped, adapted, situated in the most happy manner. In metaphysics, it is the relation of facts, one to another. In moral ethics, it is the relation of every act of the will to the agent, that constitutes his or her innocence or guilt.

Finally. 'Law' is the harmony of nature. 'Law has its seat in the bosom of God, and its will is the harmony of nature.' 'Law' is of two kinds, essential and prudential. The first is philosophically moral, irrefragible, necessarily existing with God, and is of his holiness, and must exist in and with Him. The second is a rule by which the first is intended to be dispensed, and may err. This is repealable; that, irrepealable. This, intended to point out the way by which that shall be preserved, while that is not intended by man at all, for it exists independent of man, as certainly as a proposition in mathematics or philosophy. Books may be written, States erected, governments put in motion; but if books, State, Church, publish principles not a transcript of self-evident truth, they publish a self-evident lie. There is a principle lying back of all constitutions, books, Bibles, all government, all church, on account of which these were created, and are either true or false; and whatever opposes this principle of self-evident truth is a self-evident lie.

How do I believe the Bible? Because I was so taught? No. But because it is a transcript of what I know intuitively to be infallibly true. On this principle, which is infallible, suppose the Bible authorize the sale of my dear sister Lydia—allow her to be held as a chattel personal, to all intents and purposes; suppose it allow her and my dear mother to be murdered, violated; allow certain ones to exercise such authority as this; that Bible is not the 'Book of God,' but it and its God are a self-evident lie. Now, whoever asserts that his Bible contradicts these self-evident truths, must admit that it is a self-evident lie; and whoever claims that his or her God approves such a book, all I have to say is this: Your God is my Devil.

We do not maintain that the Bible is false, but the opposite; nor that the 'Higher Law' transcends it in kind; but that it is a manifestation literal of the Divine will. The Liberty party, the Free Soil party, hold that the Fugitive Slave Law is a violation of the U. S. Constitution. The first hold the Constitution to be inferior to, but in keeping with, the 'Higher Law,' and a great portion of the latter. The Liberty party, in convention at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 17 and 18 last, passed this: 'Resolved, That the Liberty party makes no law, knows no law, obeys no law for slavery.' The great majority of the people hold that, with small exceptions, the Constitution of the U. S. is good enough for the abolition of slavery, if literally and legally interpreted. We should like, however, to see it so modified as that no one could, by any forced construction on paragraph third of sec. second, article fourth, make it a violation of the 23d chapter of Deut., 15th and 16th verses. We do not think it is, but that every moment slavery exists, both the Constitution and that law are palpably violated. We hold the Fugitive Slave Law to be so palpable a literal violation of that passage, that *we cannot obey it.* Now, if the Bible taught any thing else, I should reject so much of it as spurious. This is what I am to be understood to mean, when I speak of the 'Higher Law.' Not higher than God—not higher than His Book; but his law, expressed in the 'harmony of nature,' and then in His Book. I am no infidel—God forbid! but I should thus deny God to be good, and deny his right to his own image.

Let me now say, in conclusion, I believe slavery to be the highest crime in the universe; a crime exceeding murder in turpitude farther than murder can exceed the smallest crime in the land. Talk of the guilt of murder beside the reduction of a man or woman to slavery! It is comparative innocence; I mean, to create slavery, or to perpetuate it when it can be abolished. These, citizens, are my views of slavery and the 'Higher Law.'

I subscribe myself,

Yours, for the slave,

CALVIN FAIRBANK.

FREEDOM OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

PHENIX, (Warwick,) R. I., Feb. 29th, 1852.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

I have now been a week in this State, for the first time. One need not mind the stone posts to know when he crosses State lines, even in New England. Johnny-cake for breakfast is not the only peculiarity that marks the change, as you pass from Massachusetts into Rhode Island.

Rhode Island is generally set down as behind the times, as compared to the other New England States. This may be true, in some respects. For instance, rum is sold freely in most of the large towns;—the city of Providence is literally soaked with alcoholic liquors. But the people, so far as I have seen, are not so miserably priest-ridden as in the Old Bay State, and from appearances, not so much as in former years; yet they are bad enough off in this respect. There are no less than twelve meeting-houses in this town, containing only five or six thousand inhabitants; yet a number of these are unoccupied, and I presume most, if not all, could readily be obtained for anti-slavery meetings. I have already obtained three for that purpose—all that I have asked for. In the little town of Mansfield, Mass., containing only eighteen hundred inhabitants, there are seven meeting-houses with steeples, all, I was told, kept well painted and in good repair, and seven priests paid to officiate in them every Sunday. Only two hundred and fifty seven persons, including both sexes of all ages, to build and keep in repair a meeting-house and support a priest! Come to add to this the regular contributions demanded in aid of the Bible Society, Tract Society, Foreign and Home Missionary Societies, Sabbath School Union, &c., we have the secret why the people have nothing in time, money, or sympathy, to bestow on the anti-slavery cause. I am more and more settled in the conviction of the deep criminality of the Church, as I go from place to place. It lays heavy burdens upon the submissive shoulders of the people, grievous to be borne, and then jumps on itself, instead of lifting a finger to remove them, by making its teachings practical, and applying its doctrines to popular evils and abuses. The toiling millions of earth, starving and crushed, body and soul, to sustain governments, churches, armies, navies and courts, those iron engines of tyranny, laziness and passion,—O, did they but know their own power, had they the strength to think for themselves independently, they would soon relieve these fatherly kings and popes and judges and priests from the care and trouble of looking after the welfare of so many of their fellow-creatures. Although we have no kings and popes, in name, in America, we recognize the principle upon which rest the spiritual and temporal despotisms of Europe, in full, as long as we surrender the sovereignty of the individual to Church or State, to any extent.

It seems to me, that it is time for reformers who claim to be the prophets of God and the heralds of the 'time to come,' to take their stand upon the naked principle of the unqualified and unlimited freedom of the individual, as the only true, just, equal and harmonious basis of the social system. When they consent to compromise this principle to any extent whatever, they lose by such concession every thing, have yielded every inch of the battle-ground of reform; and if they are enabled to hold a single point, it is not because their principles entitle them to it, but it is gained and kept only by the express abandonment of their principles. The utter, complete and radical out-growing and destruction of all coercive governmental trammels, civil or religious, is the necessity and certain destiny of the race. The principle that the majority must rule is the identical principle of the divine right of kings. To yield my individuality to a majority, is the same as to surrender it to one half, one third, one tenth, or one man; and the effect upon me may be the same, worse or better, according to circumstances. I do not necessarily gain a single advantage by repudiating a king, and placing myself under the rule of a majority. A striking illustration of this truth may be had by comparing the condition of the slave population of this country with that of the peasantry of England and the serfs of Russia. The history of the past, as well as the condition of the present, unites in corroborating the truth of this position. It seems to me that it is a great fundamental mistake of the democracy of this country, as well as of the progressionists of Europe, in thinking that majorities have a right to govern minorities, and that this mistake, more than any thing else, influences the people of this country to tolerate slavery. The people fail to see that this is not democratic, and, under the mistaken supposition that it is, they think that they are doing every thing that is justifiable, when they *vote* against any evil, and submit to the decree of the largest number of voters. Yet the majority principle is distinctly inconsistent with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, legitimately carried out. If I have the 'inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' then, of course, a majority cannot rightfully take away this right, any more than one half, one third, one tenth, or a king. According to the majority rule, if there are twenty four millions of people in this country, twelve millions and one might reduce to absolute slavery the remaining nine millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine;—and could this be done, according to the principles of the Declaration of Independence? Clearly not. The Constitution of the United States limits the power of the majority, it is true, but it does so by abandoning its distinctive central principle at the very point where the majority power is restricted. This mistake in the attempted solution of the problem of democracy has confounded and reduced to anarchy the world's ideas of democracy; and it must be exposed and made clear to the people of the non-slaveholding States of this Union, before they can be expected to repudiate the majority rule, to abolish slavery at the South; it must be demonstrated, with mathematical exactness, to be anti-democratic and anti-Christian. This, it seems to me, is the great work, the first business of the abolitionists. They have got to define the process,—calculate clearly a democratic and republican *modus operandi*, by which the people of this country can relieve themselves of the accursed institution of slavery. Slavery is fast becoming a loathsome and disgusting thing, and as soon as the people can see clearly how to cast it off, without repudiating what they believe to be democracy, they will do it. But it is extremely humiliating to the pride, and painful to the patriotism of the people, to repudiate the majority rule, as long as they believe it to be essentially democratic. It seems to me that here is the root of the tree, where abolitionists must lay the axe. Appeals to the feelings and conscience, merely, will never do the work well. Morality is a science, instead of a sentiment, and demonstration is what the world demands, and, I may say, what it will have. West India emancipation can never be imitated in the United States. The abolition of slavery in the West Indies was original; so will the abolition of slavery in the United States be original, if it ever takes place. Kossuth says of Louis Napoleon's aping his uncle—'Copies never succeed in history.' This work, gigantic as it is, will be done. We have only to trust the future, and do our duty to-day. In the language of Jean Paul Richter, 'There will be another period of time, when it shall be day, and man shall awake from his lofty dreams only to realize them; because he shall lose nothing but sleep; and upon the eastern gate of this century is written, This is the road to virtue and wisdom, even as upon the eastern gate of Chersonesus stood the inscription, "This is the road to Byzantium!" Infinite Providence! thou wilt yet cause the day to dawn. As yet, however, lingers the twelfth hour of the night. The midnight birds of prey are upon the wing—the spirits knock—the living dream.'

ALONZO J. GROVER.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN CONNECTICUT.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

Since you left me at Albany, I have spent most of the time in Connecticut. And it is the same place it ever has been. Nor does there seem, on the part of the people, much wish or intention to change.

I have visited but few places yet, having been confined a few days by a severe illness. Where I have been requires a faith that would remove mountains—and ministers—for these are both to be removed, literally and spiritually.

Some of the people will let you lecture and talk, to your heart's content, provided you will do it, (as 'Mr. Pickwick' travelled to collect facts and information for the 'Pickwickian Club,') *at your own expense.* But to pay stage fare for you, or tavern bills, seems an unnecessary ceremony altogether.

I know not why it is, but somehow, a Connecticut Yankee seems born of another race of Yankees from the rest of us. He has no idea that anything is ever due *from* him. Payments are always *to*, not from him. All the tracks on the road to his pocket, like those to the lion's den, lead in—none lead out. I used to believe the pedlars of this State were slandered sometimes by their Western customers. It may be so still. My experience and observation, however, confirm, rather than contradict, the stories I have heard or read about them.

I have just been holding meetings in Norfolk, in the county of Litchfield. We have a few excellent friends there; made so, some of them, by the malignity and spite which the church and ministers have vented against us. I have seldom seen so much of the venom of the serpent, without his subtlety, as here. A few deacons and heads of the sacramental table have done their worst. But such a last-year's-robin's-nest set of them as they are, we seldom meet. Their movements carried me back to 1839 and '40. And when it was found that we should have a meeting in the Town Hall, in spite of every pious effort to prevent it, then some of the cadets of the church were deputed to give us an antepast of what they have prepared for us hereafter, by burning brimstone and other theological incense on our stove.

Of course, they had not sense enough to keep their plot among themselves; and so we were on the watch. A single burnt offering was laid upon the altar. Then one of our friends, taking a light in his hand, seated himself by the stove. The courage of these chosen champions and defenders of the Faith gave out at this unexpected movement. Light to them was consuming fire, and they soon after sneaked away to their haunts and homes.

We had good and successful meetings; and there are spirits in Norfolk, that are making insurrection on the usurped authority of these churches of Antichrist. Let our friends but be true and faithful a little longer, and they shall see of the travail of their souls, and be satisfied. The Humphreys, the Camps, the Swifts, and others, are a chosen band, and I trust that you will ever find them ready for the sternest encounters.

To-morrow, I go to Winsted. More work has been done there, and done, too, to good purpose. I hope to render a favorable return of my visit to this place.

Yours, as ever,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

West Norfolk, March 4th, 1852.

ANTI-SLAVERY ON THE CAPE.

LYNN, March 3d, 1852.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

I take this opportunity to finish my account of my recent visit to the Cape. I went from Osterville to Hyannis on Thursday, 26th February, and lectured in the Methodist Church in the evening, to a well filled house. I received all kindness and assistance from the Bearse family, the Hinckleys, Doanes and others. On Friday, I went to Cotuit Port, and friend Coleman having made arrangements for a lecture, I spoke for two hours to a most attentive though not numerous audience. I went to Centreville on Saturday, but the severe storm prevented a meeting being held which was appointed in the evening. On Sunday afternoon, I went to the hall; but a very small audience had assembled, yet we spent an hour to good advantage. The Committee of the Congregational Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Bacon, sent us a kind invitation to occupy their vestry in the evening, and notice of my meeting was given from the pulpit. I addressed a crowded house for something more than two hours in the evening. This liberal treatment, on the part of this church, I chronicle with pleasure, because the mass of Northern churches are closed against us. The land is filled with

> Temples whose priesthood pore
> Moses and Jesus o'er,
> Then bolt the black man's door,
> The poor man's prison.'

But this church, two years since, passed a resolution not to commune with the slaveholder, and, by opening the doors on this occasion to me, give some indication of *being in earnest.* It remains for them yet to sever the chain which binds them to the slave system, by withholding all fellowship with those who *do* fellowship the man-thief. Let us hope they will do this, and lead the way to freedom in the churches of the land.

Friends Joseph Robbins, Nathan Coleman, the Crosby family, and Sylvanus Jagger, were very prompt in their efforts to arrange meetings, and I am under much obligation to them for their hearty co-operation. I regretted much the necessity of leaving Wellfleet, where I had made a good commencement, and of passing by Eastham, Orleans and Chatham; but there are no friends to our cause *known* in these places, to assist in getting up meetings, and I could not hold meetings in these places without incurring some expense, which I was not authorized to do, and therefore was obliged to leave them.

Yours truly, GEO. W. PUTNAM.

☞ The denunciations of Kossuth by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will do him and his cause much good. Their praise would have been death to him. The abolitionists would ruin the country; and politicians who are nearest to them in sentiment are those whom the haters of treason ought to be the most suspicious of. Kossuth is to be specially congratulated on their abuse.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The *Post* is deadly hostile to the freedom of the millions in slavery in this country. If it is any credit to Kossuth to receive the approval of such a journal, let him have it: we are glad not to enjoy it.

The Memory of Fennimore Cooper.—The brightest galaxy of literary men that we have recently seen assembled, met at Metropolitan Hall, on Wednesday evening, 25th ult., to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the late James Fennimore Cooper, the distinguished American novelist. Tickets of admission had been sold, for the purpose of raising funds toward the erection of a monumental statue, and the hall was crowded to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen. Washington Irving, Chairman of the Committee, called the meeting to order; Daniel Webster presided; near him, George Bancroft, Rufus W. Griswold, Mayor Kingsland, Chief Justice Jones, Ogden Hoffman, Dr. Francis, Rev. Dr. Bethune, and many other well known men. Mr. Webster made a brief address, and W. C. Bryant pronounced an extended, elaborate, and exceedingly interesting discourse, on the life and writings of Cooper. After the discourse, several of the gentlemen named above, made brief addresses. It was a literary festival of a high order, and an assemblage rare to be seen.

Mob Triumphs in New Orleans.—The *Delta* of the 18th ult. contains a long account of the riotous proceedings of a mob in that city, upon the arrival of the Spanish steamer Colon, with the Spanish and English consuls on board. The Fillibusters were out on the wharf in great numbers, and hissed and insulted by the vilest epithets the English consul, as he came to land. The Spanish consul did not dare to land, for fear of the mob, and the steamer backed off and anchored in the stream. The authorities took no measures to suppress the riot.

Senseless Outrage.—We have heard with deep regret, that a number of persons assembled on Saturday night last, and visited the St. Louis Hotel, to charivari the Austrian Charge d'Affaires, who comes to our city *en route* to Havana. We are pained to say that they executed their purpose, to the mortification and disgust of the inmates of the hotel, who found it difficult to believe that such displays would be countenanced by any one having the character of the city at heart.

If such exhibitions are permitted in our chief cities, it will not be long before we hear of outrages equally mortifying being perpetrated by mobs on the representatives of our own country, resident at foreign courts. We hope proper precautions will be taken by the authorities to prevent a repetition of such occurrences.—*N. O. Delta, Feb. 10.*

Quick.—The packet ship Washington has made the passage between New York and Liverpool in 13 days and 14 hours.

Sad Accident.—The dwelling-house of Wm. Gilson, near Lockport, N. Y., was burnt a few days since, and three of his children perished.

Great Destruction of Vermont Central Railroad property by Fire.—A telegraphic despatch from Northfield, Vermont, dated Feb. 26th, says that the machine shop, engine house, and seven large freight engines, belonging to the Vermont Central Railroad, were destroyed at that place, on that morning, by fire, which originated from the boiler of the stationary engine. The loss is estimated at $50,000, and the buildings only were insured.

☞ The Louisville *Courier* tells of a likely colored boy, who was lodged in the jail in that city, to prevent his being sold into slavery. His statement is that he is free, and belongs to the State of New York, but was travelling in the capacity of servant to two men, who brought him to Louisville, and attempted to sell him to a negro trader.

Another Arrest for Slave Aiding.—Otho Snider has been arrested at Hagarstown, Maryland, charged with aiding in the escape of a slave from the service of D. and H. Glaggett, of Washington County, Md. This is the second time he has been arrested for aiding slaves.

The Accident at Deposit.—The Indian girl mentioned the other day as having been killed at Deposit, was Miss La-sa-na-Loft, one of two sisters, who, with their brother, have been giving concerts to raise funds for the purpose of educating and Christianizing the Mohawk people, now on the Reservations in Canada. They are from Canada West.

Railroad Accident.—The Hartford *Times* of the 27th ult. says that Mr. Linus Coe, late Sheriff of Middlesex county, was killed on that day by the upward train of cars, at the Newington Crossing, a few miles south of Hartford.

☞ Kennett Monthly Meeting of Friends has issued a remonstrance to Congress against the iniquitous Fugitive Slave Law.

A Secret Worth Knowing.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water. Then, with a gilding brush, do over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not light on the article washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

Consistency.—Even on a play-bill, every one likes to see consistency. One of the city theatres advertises the Gladiator, by EDWIN FORREST, and the entertainment of the evening to conclude with '*The Married Rake.*'

☞ An order has been introduced into the Massachusetts House of Representatives, directing an inquiry into the expediency of appointing a Commissioner, in each county, to appear in behalf of every fugitive slave arrested, and that the expense of defending the fugitive be defrayed by the Commonwealth.

☞ James Thornton, one of the slaves of the late John McDonough, to whom Mr. McDonough in his will bequeathed freedom, has instituted proceedings in the Fifth District Court, at New Orleans, against the executors of the McDonough estate, to procure his emancipation, in accordance with the terms of the will.

☞ Three children of a Mr. Campbell, at Pier Jacques, N. B., were recently burned to death by their clothes taking fire.

☞ Fifty sewing machines, driven by steam, are now in daily operation in New York. By the aid of the sewing machines, one girl can do the work of six.

☞ Boston has 39 regular day and 29 night policemen, 261 watchmen, 16 constables of the watch, and 33 court constables.

☞ At Syracuse, N. Y., at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, the spire of the Unitarian church was blown down, and falling directly on the roof of the church, crushed the building to the ground, a perfect mass of ruins. The rear wall of the church fell upon the dwelling of Joel G. Northup, which was almost entirely destroyed. Two bedrooms, occupied by two young ladies, and another by a young man, were rendered a perfect wreck, but the occupants miraculously escaped without serious injury. The church was nearly new, and valued at $6000. The dwelling-house was injured to the amount of $800.

Louisville, March 6. Kossuth addressed a large assemblage of Germans yesterday, at the Methodist Church. One dollar was charged for admission. The ex-Governor dwelt upon the advantages which revolutionists in Europe now have over their opponents. He considered that his cause was good, and would eventually prove successful; and contended that the United States, as a Republic, should not stand alone in the approaching contest. He appealed to the Germans and people to exercise their influence through the ballot-box.

The Hutchinsons.—A handbill was circulated in Baltimore, on the 6th inst., against allowing the Hutchinsons to sing in public, they being abolitionists.

☞ We understand that Thomas Russell, Esq., was yesterday confirmed as Judge of the Police Court in this city. We do not agree with Mr. Russell on many questions of political expediency, and we can see no propriety in such a man as Gov. Boutwell making such a nomination. Yet we are free to say, from our knowledge of Mr. Russell, of his character and legal ability, that we like the nomination. As to his being a young man, all things being equal, so much the better.—*Boston Atlas.*

Westward Bound.—Every boat for St. Louis is crowded with emigrants for the far West. On the 'Fashion,' yesterday, we noticed several families from the interior of Kentucky, who are moving to Missouri. In one gang, we counted no less than thirty little niggers, and fifteen hound dogs, all belonging to one family.—*Louisville Courier, 28th ult.*

Cochituate Water Rates.—The *Transcript* says the total amount received for Cochituate water, from January 1st to March 4th, was $107,355 07. On Monday, March 1st, 770 bills were paid, amounting to $8059 25. This is the largest sum ever received for water in a single day.

Pardons.—The Committee on Pardons of the Executive Council report the following statistics for the year 1851:—Whole number of cases considered, 133; pardon from state prison, 15; do. houses of correction, 21; do. jails, 2; restored to citizenship, 12; cases rejected, 76; do. continued, 7; total, 133.

☞ The Mississippi Senate has passed a Bill to prevent the introduction of slaves into that State for sale.

THE LIQUOR LAW.

The Law for the suppression of the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquor in Massachusetts, which has been so long and so ably canvassed in the Senate, was adopted in that body on Tuesday last, after various amendments had been made, by the following vote:—

Yeas—Messrs. Alden, Alley, Ames, Bassett, Beard, Brigham, Brown, Church, Crane, Currier, French, Fuller, Griswold, Hobart, Keyes, Kimball, Knowlton, Lawrence, Lovett, Osgood, Prouty, Robinson, Sewall, Strong, Thompson, Torrey, Walker, Weeks, Wood, Wilson.

Nays—Messrs. Brinley, Burlingame, Cary, Fisher, Hazewell, Hubbard, Kuhn, Russell, Warren.

Absent—Mr. Holcomb.

So the Maine Liquor Law, as amended, passed the Massachusetts Senate.

[Of the nine nays, six (Messrs. Brinley, Cary, Hubbard, Kuhn, Russell and Warren,) were the Senators from Suffolk, all Whigs; two were Senators from Middlesex, one (Mr. Burlingame) is a Free Soiler, and one (Mr. Hazewell) a Democrat, and one (Mr. Fisher) was from Nantucket and Dukes; a Whig. Mr. Holcomb (Free Soiler, the absentee from Hampden,) would have voted for the bill, had he been present.]

The Liquor Law.—The amendment, submitting the bill to the people, was passed by a vote of 22 to 15, as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Alden, Beard, Brigham, Brown, Burlingame, Currier, French, Fuller, Griswold, Hazewell, Hobart, Kimball, Knowlton, Lovett, Osgood, Robinson, Sewall, Thompson, Torrey, Walker, Wood, Wilson—22.

Nays—Messrs. Bassett, Brinley, Carey, Church, Crane, Fisher, Hubbard, Keyes, Kuhn, Lawrence, Prouty, Russell, Strong, Warren, Weeks—15.

The Maine Law.—The Ohio State Temperance Convention has voted out the Maine Law, as not calculated to promote Temperance, and resolved, in effect, that a true reformation must depend upon moral suasion.

The Ohio Legislature has indefinitely postponed the resolutions referring the Maine Liquor Law to the vote of the people. The vote was—yeas 44; nays 48.

The New Jersey Assembly have rejected the Maine Law, 53 to 46.

ALBANY, March 3.

Death of David Kennison, the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party.—The *Chicago Tribune* of the 24th ult. announces the death of David Kennison, the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party. The military companies are making preparations to give a fitting burial to the remains of the old veteran.

☞ J. A. Woodside, a well known artist, died at his residence in Philadelphia, recently, at the advanced age of 71 years.

Indiana.—The Indiana Senate has passed a bill to purchase land in Africa, to which the negroes in that State are to be sent.

Manufacturing at the South.—It is stated that a factory put in operation at Mobile, a little more than a year ago, and worked by slaves, has been stopped, and its machinery is to be sold. Another, in the same city, whose operatives are free, still continues, but its success is doubtful.

Useful Machine.—We are informed that Mr. Veranus Snell, of Abington, has invented a machine for manufacturing boot counters, which will cut and 'skive' 1000 pairs of counters in three hours, (it being a day's work to skive three pairs by hand,) and will save one-fifth of the stock.—*North Bridgewater Gazette.*

☞ Thurlow Weed, (now in Europe,) speaking of his journey from Paris to Avignon, says that, for a full hundred miles, he encountered a race of unwashed women. He did not see for hours, either in villages or farm-houses, a woman or child with clean face or hands!

'*Delightful Spectacle!*—A man named Steingaver, convicted of murder, was hung at Ashland, Ohio, on the 30th of January, in the presence of about five thousand persons, the populace having the day previous *demolished the jail yard fence, in order to witness the execution!* The spectacle, it is said, was very revolting, the prisoner being a heavy man, and the rope stretched so much that he fell upon his knees. His neck was unbroken, and he was then drawn up and literally strangled, hanging about thirty minutes before life was pronounced extinct.

Terrible Tragedy.—James White, a shoemaker, living in East street, Baltimore, while drunk, on Friday evening, cut the throat of his daughter, aged 15, and crushed the skull of his son, aged 3 years, with an axe. He then set fire to the house, and afterward cut his own throat. All three were burned to a cinder. His wife left him on Saturday.

☞ A flying machine, with six Frenchmen to operate it, arrived at Boston in the ship Emperor, from Havre. The French government refused the inventor permission to fly it in France.

☞ Intervention appears to be at a discount in Albany. Out of $1000 worth of Hungarian bonds, the Treasurer of the Albany Committee states that he has sold only forty-five dollars worth.

Challenge to Yankee Shipbuilders.—Mr. Charles Mair, the eminent shipbuilder of Blackwall, London, has challenged the Americans, offering to run a vessel against any that they can produce, for a thousand guines. The tonnage of the ships to be from 50 to 300 tons.

Boston, March 6.—In the Senate, the bill to District the State under the new apportionment has been passed to be engrossed. Every Senator present voted in its favor.

☞ Dr. John Park died in Worcester on Tuesday, aged 77 years. He formerly conducted the Boston *Repertory* newspaper, and kept a celebrated school in this city for young ladies. He was the father of Hon. John C. Park, Attorney for Suffolk.

☞ It is stated that Dr. Brandreth has purchased the property in Broadway, extending from Lispenard street to Canal street, for $120,000, and will erect there a magnificent building.

Philadelphia, March 4.—Last night, as the 5 o'clock train from New York was passing between Elizabethtown and Rahway, N. J., D. Kear, a conductor, who was a passenger, in attempting to pass between the cars and the platform, fell, and was horribly crushed by the wheels. He was instantly killed.

☞ Gov. Kossuth visited the barracks at Newport, Ky., Feb. 24th, and Capt. McCrea saluted him with fifteen rounds of cannon. It gratified him much, 'for,' said he, 'such compliments from military officers of the United States have weight with the oppressors of my country, and have otherwise a beneficial influence in the cause I humbly advocate.' Gov. Kossuth received at Newport $100 from Gen. James Taylor.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says Gov. K. has contracted with two or three manufacturers in that city for 1000 saddles at $12 each.

The Louisville *Journal* devotes a long leading article to an eloquent vindication of Kossuth's cause against the various slanders put forth by its opponents. In speaking of the refusal of the city of Louisville to invite Kossuth there, the *Journal* says—

'It is a source of mortification to find any portion of Kentucky engaged in doing what despotism, and despotism alone, will applaud. No more gratifying incense can burn upon the altars of despotism than insults and contumely extended toward the champion of Hungarian freedom.'

☞ A planter lost four hundred dollars and ten negroes in a 'nice little game of faro,' at Memphis, a few days since.

WASHINGTON, March 9th.

The Defeat of Caravajal.—The Washington *Intelligencer* has a private dispatch confirming the defeat of Caravajal in his attack on Camargo. He had only 522 men, 84 of whom were Mexicans, and the balance 'Fillibusters.' Most of them escaped to the American side of the river.

Retaliation on South Carolina.—The Nassau (W. I.) Guardian of the 31st ult. copies the letter of J. B. Mathew, the British Consul, to the Governor of South Carolina, complaining of the imprisonment of colored seamen, and expends a large amount of wrath on the determination of the Legislature of that State not to ameliorate the law in the manner suggested by Mr. Mathew. The Guardian calls for retaliation on citizens of South Carolina, by their *imprisonment* in the ports of the Bahamas, and 'to grant no entries or clearances for ports of the United States enforcing this onerous law.'

Mortality among Generals.—Within the five years which have elapsed since the commencement of the war with Mexico, no less than thirteen American Generals have departed this life, viz: Taylor, Worth, Mason, Brady, Kearney, Hamer, Hopping, Belknap, Duncan, Croghan, Brooks, Arbuckle, and Whiting.

PLYMOUTH COUNTY.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, an Agent of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings as follows:

Wareham and Rochester, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.
Hingham, 19th, 20th, 21st.
Scituate, 22d and 23d.
South Scituate, 24th.
West Scituate, 25th.
North Bridgewater, 27th and 28th.

GEORGE W. PUTNAM,

An Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:—

Orange, { Saturday, March 13. { Sunday, " 14.

NEW BEDFORD ANTI-SLAVERY LYCEUM.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH will deliver a lecture before this Association, FRIDAY evening, March 12.

NOTICE.

☞ CHARLES SPEAR will deliver an address in the Universalist Church in Newton, (Lower Falls,) next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, on the English Pulpit; and on Monday evening in the Methodist Church, on his late Journey to Europe; and in Rumford Hall, Waltham, on Sunday evening, March 21st, on the same general subjects.

GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT IN BOSTON!

THE ALLEGHANIANS,

BEING about to embark for California, will, by request of numerous friends, visit Boston, and give

A FAREWELL CONCERT,

AT THE MELODEON,

On FRIDAY EVENING, March 12th. This will positively be the only evening they can stay in Boston, as they are to sail for California on the 20th of March, and every intervening evening being occupied. On this occasion, therefore, they will have the honor of presenting a splendid programme of their best productions and selections, both new and old.

The following Songs will be sung, and many others not enumerated here:—New Song for our Dear Native Land; The Song of Labor, which has received immense applause wherever sung; Going to California; The Good Old Folks at Home; The Old Farmer's Elegy; Uncle Sam's Farm; Song of Welcome to Kossuth, sung before the great Hungarian at his reception in New York and Brooklyn; Good Time Coming, &c.

Miss GOODENOW will also sing her Songs of Farewell to Home, and Native Land, Kathleen Mavourneen, Ben Bolt, and the ever delightful *Bird's Temperance Song*, or Robin's Carol, which has won the warmest commendations of the press and public.

The evening's entertainment to conclude with an *Original Grand Farewell Song*, in the ever memorable and endearing Auld Lang Syne, and in the great Chorus of which the audience are cordially invited to join.

Tickets, 25 cents each; reserved seats, 50 cents. Doors open at 6 1-2—to commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

JOSHUA HUTCHINSON,

OF the Hutchinson Family, will give a MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, at the Masonic Temple, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, March 15th; the avails of which are to be appropriated for the benefit of Orphans. March 12

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JUST published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery office, 21 Cornhill, Boston:

Selections from the Writings and Speeches of William Lloyd Garrison. With an Appendix. Price, *one dollar.*

Letter to Louis Kossuth, concerning Freedom and Slavery in the United States, in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Price, *twenty-five cents.* This is an exceedingly valuable pamphlet (of 112 large octavo pages) for preservation, reference, and general circulation. It contains, besides its direct and faithful appeal to the Hungarian leader, copious laudatory extracts from the speeches of Kossuth, contrasted with the woes and horrors of slavery, as daily witnessed at the South—numerous quotations from the eloquent and scathing speeches of Daniel O'Connell, in denunciation of American slavery, and all its upholders and abettors, and in praise of the American abolitionists—the replies of Daniel O'Connell and John O'Connell to the Irish Repeal Associations in the U. S., nobly spurning the bribe held out to them to be dumb on the subject of slavery in this country—a view of the 'peculiar institution' as it exists in the District of Columbia—a thrilling account of the Nat Turner insurrection in Virginia, in 1831, with its attending barbarities—scenes in Boston, under the Fugitive Slave Law—the admirable letter of Victor Hugo, of Paris, to Maria Weston Chapman—views and declarations of Lafayette, Thomas Clarkson, Jefferson, George Thompson—Henry Clay, as a slaveholder, &c. &c. The Appendix contains Kossuth's disclaimers of any intention to meddle with slavery, and his rebuke of Gyurman, the Hungarian editor, for declaring his opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law—letters from James Haughton and Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, and addresses of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society, and of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, to Kossuth—poetical appeals to the same individual—Wendell Phillips's speech, concerning the recreancy of Kossuth, delivered at the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

Twentieth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. With an Appendix, containing the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, and the Speeches of Wendell Phillips made in the Melodeon and in Faneuil Hall. Price, *twenty-five cents.*

The Proceedings of the Woman's Rights Convention, held at Worcester, Mass., October, 1851. Price, *twenty-five cents.*

March 5 tf

PROSPECTUS OF THE

Family Phrenological Journal,

AND

Independent Truth Reporter.

DEVOTED to Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, Magnetism, Psychology, Spiritual Intercourse, Christianity, Light, and Truth; Temperance, Justice, Benevolence, and Humanity; Love and Friendship; Courtship and Marriage; Liberty, Universal Freedom, and Equal Rights; the Laws of Life and Health; Progression, Self-Improvement, and the Road to True Happiness.

One great object of the Family Phrenological Journal will be to tell the Truth—do good—enlighten Man, perfect his character, and make his condition more happy.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION—For one yearly volume, 75 cents; three copies, one year, $2 00; ten copies, one year, $5 00; twenty copies, one year, $10 00.

This Journal will be published monthly, containing sixteen large octavo pages, neatly executed on good paper, and beautiful type. Twelve monthly numbers to constitute a volume. To commence on the 1st of May, 1852.

Please address, *post paid,*

DR. NOYES WHEELER,
Editor and Proprietor,
265 Washington st., Boston.

March 12

Will be Ready March 20.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S

GREAT AMERICAN TALE,

ENTITLED

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

THIS great work, which has been long expected, is now so nearly complete, that we can promise its appearance on the 20th of March. By all who have read it, it is pronounced to be the story of the age. For power of description and thrilling delineation of character, it is unrivalled, and will add fresh laurels to the reputation of the talented authoress. It will be published in two volumes 12mo, 312 pages in each volume, with six elegant designs by Billings, engraved by Baker, in three styles of binding; paper cover for $1 10, cloth $1 50, cloth, full gilt, $2, with discount to the trade. Early orders solicited.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,
Publishers, Boston.

☞ For sale by the principal Booksellers in the United States.

March 12 3wis

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE SLAVE-MOTHER'S DIRGE FOR HER CHILD.

BY LUCY A. COLBY.

Slumber softly in thy peaceful grave!
Over thee the wild bananas wave,
And among the broad leaves play
Softest zephyrs all the day;
Birds, with sunbeam-painted wing,
Hither come, their songs to sing,
And the brightest blossoms spring
Round thy place of slumbering!

Slumber softly! though I miss the smile
That had power my sorrow to beguile;
Though the voice, whose accents glad
Cheered me when my heart was sad,
Now no longer greets my ear:
Let me check each falling tear,
For thou hast departed hence,
In thy guileless innocence!

Slumber softly! thou wilt wake no more!
Slumber softly! all thy pains are o'er!
Never more on thee the lash
Will inflict the bloody gash!
Never more shall I behold
Thee in cruel bondage sold!
Rest thee in thy peaceful grave,
Thou no longer art a slave!

Danvers, March, 1852.

For the Liberator.

TRUTH.

Truth is earnest, Truth is fearless, ever dwelling in the light;
Still by Error's frowns undaunted, striving only for the Right:—
Truth is strong, and noble ever—and no power its course may stay;
No dark mists of Persecution long can veil its cheering ray.
If ye quench awhile its brightness, or obscure its blessed light;
Still ye may not long enshroud it—Truth will pierce through Error's night;
Where pale Superstition dwelleth, and the heart in terror holds,
Where Oppression's gory banner yet fair Freedom's form enfolds,
Still will Truth, the bright Sun-seeker, whisper in the people's ear,
And no fetters long can bind them, when that voice of power they hear.
Its lone whispers thrones have shaken—with a start the tyrant woke,
And beheld a slumbering nation break th' oppressor's iron yoke,
Where time-honored, old opinions long have held tyrannic sway,
See how with unfaltering footstep Truth pursues its onward way.
Ever be thy course triumphant, messenger of good to man!
Many a heart with joy will greet thee, shelter thee with liberal hand;
Soon around thy radiant forehead will Fame's laurel wreath be twined,
Earnest hearts will break the shackles that control the free-born mind.
Truth, how glorious is thy mission—thus a *world* to save and bless,
And in place of strife and envy, plant Love, Peace, and Righteousness. CARRIE.

Barre, Mass.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

WARNING TO THE 'POWERS THAT BE.'

BY A. G. CAMPBELL.

Treason! yes, make it treason, if ye will;
Build up your gallows, and your victims bring
Forth from their gloomy dungeons! bind their hands;
Tie, with your pious fingers, round their necks,
The consecrated rope; touch then the spring,
And let the traitors drop! then let them hang,
A solemn sacrifice unto your God.
Call in your priests! Let Stuart, Dewey, Lord,
Spencer and Spring, with all their train, attend
To join the holy sacrament, and chaunt,
In pleasing concord, praise unto the Great
And most Puissant Deity, whose throne
Is built on human souls, and laved with seas
Of human blood! Ay! let their thankful songs
With Hell's hoarse shouts of diabolic joy
Ascend in unison! Precious indeed
To modern Moloch is the agony
Of the fond mother, when her child is snatched
From her maternal grasp, to be no more
Clasped lovingly upon her bosom—or
The piercing shriek of the poor hunted slave,
Torn piecemeal by his bloodhounds.
But, take heed;
Know that a day of reckoning is at hand,
For God is just, and Justice shall not sleep
Forever. Even now, behold how shakes
This guilty nation from its centre e'en
Unto its broad circumference. In wrong
Were its foundations laid, and crime inwrought
Into its structure. It must fall! The slave
Shall o'er its ruins make his exodus
From cursed bondage: and as Israel's hosts
Saw their oppressors utterly destroyed,
When God had wrought deliverance from their foes,
And sang his great salvation,—so the bound
And stricken millions of our land shall stand
Freed from their shackles, and the arm of God,
Made bare in their deliverance, they shall see
Strike sorely their oppressors. Then shall they
Exult and sing—'God is our strength and song!
In glory hath he triumphed o'er our foes,
And led us forth to mercy, and redeemed!'

Patterson, N. J.

THE 'SAY SO' OF THE PEOPLE.

Know autocrats! aristocrats!
All men with sounding titles!
Whoso have wrung, with demon-grasp,
The pauper's shrunken vitals—
MAN has awakened in his might,
He knows the wrong, he knows the right!
WE say it!—WE, the People!

There was a time when ignorance
Fell with a leaden weight
Upon the 'mass'—ye call'd it thus—
The mass felt then but hate;
But now we waken to our might,
We know the wrong—we know the right!
WE say it—WE, the People!

God did not say that some should starve,
While others cloy with pleasure;
He did not constitute a class
The keepers of his treasure!
It has seemed thus before, but light
Has shown the burthen'd what is right—
WE say it—WE, the People!

There's land enough for every man's
Roof-tree to grow and flourish,
Enough each child of human birth
To suckle and to nourish;
And now, when waken'd in our might,
We know our wrong, we'll claim our right!
WE say it—WE, the People!

He never said that any man
Was born to rule another;
But told us that we each should treat
Our fellow as our brother:
And now awakened in our might,
We mean to have it so—'tis right;
WE say it—WE, the People!

The Liberator.

DEFENCE OF KOSSUTH.

Reply of Dr. MANN, of Danvers, to the speeches of Messrs. GARRISON and PHILLIPS, in condemnation of KOSSUTH, at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, at the Melodeon, Jan. 29, 1852:—

Dr. Mann said he would not presume to defend Kossuth as a faultless man, before a court evidently determined to condemn him, but would only offer such extenuations as might incline his judges to mitigation of censure. For himself, he believed in the perfect integrity and wisdom of Kossuth's course, but would not presume to defend that opinion against such odds before this Society. Considering the weight and the arduous duties of Kossuth's mission, having the cause of fifteen millions of his countrymen on his shoulders, is it so clearly his duty to add three millions of our countrymen to his burthen, especially when he knows, as every body knows, that this last addition would be just enough to break his back? Those who urge this as his duty, admit that it would defeat his mission for Hungary. Mr. Garrison, in his eloquent and beautiful poem to Kossuth, after urging him to denounce American slavery before the people, warns him that to do so will defeat the object of his mission, but will gain for him a glorious crown of martyrdom. Now, it seems that Kossuth may be excused for taking time to consider the terms of this poetical proposition, before he closes with it. He may think the cause of his nation to be worth more than an individual crown, of whatever character. If so, let his patriotism plead for him. St. Paul went further than this, for he could consent to be 'accursed from Christ' for the sake of saving his nation. Let St. Paul plead for him; and let every philanthropist, who thinks Hungarian nationality and independence worth more than individual distinction, plead for him.

But Mr. Garrison also says that the defeat of Kossuth's mission on this ground would be of the greatest service to humanity, as it would expose to the world the baseness of the people who would drive such a man from our shores for such a cause. But it would seem that there have already been enough demonstrations of this sort, without sacrificing Kossuth and his mission for the sake of a new one. Must every apostle of humanity who comes across the waters be thrown to the hounds of slavery, just to show up their ferocity? It is here said to be Kossuth's true mission to make himself a martyr to American slavery. He thinks it his proper mission to plead for Hungary. Let us excuse his blindness;—we were all blind once.

It is said that, as a man may be known by the company he keeps, the fact that Mr. Foote and a few pro-slavery politicians have flattered him is evidence against him. But every one knows that the slaveholders and hunkers are almost unanimous against him, while the friends of freedom are, with few exceptions, his friends. Such men as Henry Ward Beecher are his defenders. Such as James Watson Webb are his defamers.

Mr. Phillips admits that Kossuth did good deeds while in power—that he abolished serfdom, and freed the sclaves of Hungary; but insists that it must have been from bad motives—of which, however, he gives no proofs. This kind of argument, which gratuitously assigns bad motives to good deeds, is an unanswerable one, and therefore a favorite one with those who attack eminently good men. Mr. Garrison's *love of popularity* is often assigned as his motive for pleading for the slave. Mr. O'Connell's *love of money* is said by his enemies to have been his motive for becoming the champion of the paupers of Ireland; and when Christ cast out devils, the fact was accounted for by reference to his secret partnership with Beelzebub. Against such arguments, I have no skill, and therefore must submit to Kossuth's condemnation, and only urge, in mitigation of his punishment, that the sum of his good *deeds*, which we do know about, may be subtracted from the infinity of his bad motives, which we don't know about.

Mr. Phillips says that Kossuth's eloquent speeches and patriotic sentiments and personal sacrifices are no proofs of his soundness; that Daniel Webster and the Doughfaces of Divinity have also uttered very fine sayings in favor of liberty, while their hearts were far from it. But why class Kossuth with those who have proved themselves hypocrites? Did those men ever suffer in behalf of freedom as Kossuth has done? or did Kossuth ever enact a Fugitive Slave Law, or offer to send his mother into slavery? If you are determined to crucify Kossuth, let it not be between such infamous thieves as Daniel Webster and Dr. Dewey.

You say that Kossuth eulogizes the Constitution, and thereby sanctions slavery. But most abolitionists think the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument, and that slavery is unconstitutional. Excepting present company, every prominent abolitionist in this country, whose opinion is publicly known, thinks so. O'Connell, and other European statesmen, have expressed the same opinion. Mr. Lysander Spooner's 'Unconstitutionality of Slavery' is pronounced, by able lawyers, to be conclusive on the subject. Mr. Garrison, with a candor which does him the highest honor, has admitted it to be unanswerable; and Mr. Phillips has demonstrated it to be so, by attempting to answer it. I will not review that discussion. Be the fact as it may, will you condemn Kossuth for a belief common to anti-slavery men? He may have heard O'Connell's opinion, and the opinion of anti-slavery lawyers here. He may have read Mr. Spooner's book, and Mr. Garrison's endorsement of its logic; and, more than all, may have seen Mr. Phillips's attempt at reply. Can the Hungarian be blamed for not being illuminated by the single ray of light which fails no where but upon this platform?

On the score of generosity, let us excuse him. Accounts say that he is wearing himself out and sinking under his arduous labors. Will you force this great work also upon him? I see a man struggling through the serf with an overload of shipwrecked drowning children. I see that he is almost exhausted; he staggers, he sinks, but he rises again, and struggles bravely on. There is some hope that he may reach the shore. Shall I shout to him, 'Ho, you Kossuth of the waves! see, another shipwrecked crew is beyond you! Dare not to come to land till you have also taken them in your arms. True, you will sink in the effort, with all your load, but you will get a crown of glorious martyrdom.' Perhaps the 'old salt' might not hear; or, hearing, might not understand; or, understanding, might not obey. Shall I pelt him with pebbles?

But, if you are determined upon no mitigation of the sentence expressed in your resolution, let me at least plead for reprieve, that there may be space for repentance and reformation. Hasty sentences are sometimes regretted. There was a time in the lives of Channing, of Adams, and of some on this platform, when condemnation would have been apparently just, but really premature. Give Kossuth but half the time which those men, and which some of you took for preparation, and perhaps he will come up to your views of duty. It seems to be characteristic of the man not to take up a subject till he has gained a mastery over it. The weapons of anti-slavery debate are not familiar to a stranger, having but a few months' acquaintance with our language and laws. Our ablest champions have gained their skill by frequent efforts, where failure was of little consequence; but when Kossuth begins, he must not be a *beginner*, but a champion, armed at all points. Mr. Burleigh says Kossuth's friends cannot assume that he is ignorant on the subject, since he knows that to engage in it would endanger his mission. But it seems clear, that a man may know enough to keep out of a discussion, and yet not know enough to engage in it with advantage.

We know that Kossuth's silence on this subject is in accordance with the advice of the leading anti-slavery men of New York, including Lewis Tappan, Judge Jay, and the heads of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, who are, to some extent, the recognized exponents of American Anti-Slavery. Can he be blamed for taking their advice, in the absence of the superior light emanating from our system?—for I do not know that a single missionary from among us went to New York, to welcome him on shore, and to show him the right path. Even now he may be ignorant of our sentiments, and perhaps of our existence, and quite unaware of the thunderbolt about to fall upon his head from your table.

I have ventured only to hint these extenuations. Perhaps, if Kossuth were here, he might make a full defence for the past, and explain his future purposes to your satisfaction; or he might only say—'Fellow soldiers: Let us each maintain our assigned position in the army of freedom against tyranny. You understand the ground upon which you fight, and are equal in skill to *whatever* emergency. You can call to your aid one hundred thousand abolitionists and fifty thousand clergymen, pledged to preach deliverance to the captive. You understand your language, your laws, your friends and your foes, and all the conditions of your warfare. I am ignorant of all, and have no time to learn. I am alone, a stranger, with ten times your task, and none of your resources. Help me if you can; but, at any rate, do not entangle me, by asking for aid I cannot give, and you do not need.'

REMARKS OF JOHN M. SPEAR.

In the course of the various discussions at the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society—

JOHN M. SPEAR said he rose to prefer a charge against the abolitionists. They were in his way. It was known that he sometimes labored to aid the destitute prisoner. He would give one example, to show that abolitionists were in his way. Not long since, when he was in a small town in this State, he called on a clergyman, and requested the privilege of speaking in his pulpit for the prisoner. The minister asked him who he was. He informed him that his name was John M. Spear. 'But,' said he, 'I wish to know if you belong to the infidel reformers'—naming Phillips and Parker. Mr. S. informed the minister that he did not represent them, though they were his friends; but, said the speaker, I deemed it best to be frank, and accordingly informed him that I had been a subscriber to the *Liberator* for the last eleven years, and that he might infer from that, I felt some interest for the slave; and that, when I was at home on Sunday, which was but seldom, I went with my wife to meeting, and she went to hear Theodore Parker. But, said Mr. S., I asked him why he thus questioned me? The prisoner did not ask him to whom he belonged. It was but yesterday that a clergyman was about to be sent to the State Prison, and several of his clerical brethren from Andover were in the court, and they asked him (Mr. S.) to use his influence in the prisoner's behalf, but they did not ask him to whom he belonged.

The clergyman thought the church should do this work. Mr. S. thought the true church did do it. The meetings for moral reform he believed to be the church of Christ. He was there that day to worship God. The abolitionists were doing the work that Christ came to do—to seek and save the lost. They would save Daniel Webster, even, if they could.

In conclusion, Mr. Spear invited abolitionists to get out of his way if they could, and at the same time do their duty to the slave; but if they could do but one, he would have them do their duty.

INCIDENTS ON THE CAPE.

MR. GARRISON:

DEAR SIR,—If you think proper, will you give the following an insertion in your valuable paper? I have never thought of making reports, but possibly one or two incidents in this may interest the friends of reform.

From Boston, I came first to Hyannis, where I had very good meetings; from Hyannis to Harwich, and thence to Provincetown. At the latter place, my first and free lecture was but thinly attended; the very name of woman's rights seeming to affright the people. Many, as they afterwards told me, waited to see what others said of it, and to know whether it would do for them to listen or not. But before my series was half given, the numbers increased, until I found it necessary to take a larger hall, that the audience might be accommodated; and I have reason to think that the subject had the highest approval of the very finest minds in the place. A series of religious meetings was in progress at the time, but it made little difference, some of the most devoted leaving their church occasionally to listen to this new revelation from the spirit of humanity to man.

I wonder that anti-slavery speakers have not visited this region; but I have promised them a lecture on this subject, and intend to redeem my pledge, so soon as I can find the requisite time. (Since writing the above, Mr. Putnam, a lecturer on this subject, has passed through, on his way to that town.) That is the grandest reform of the age; for, loudly as the signs of the times call for the more liberal infusion of the feminine element into the public mind, yet the scourge of slavery remains the most stupendous curse that ever rested upon the bosom of creation—a colossal sin, before which all others cower, and shrink into nothingness. True, the enfranchisement of women would do much toward abolishing this and many other deadly evils, and it is for this that we plead. Wherever woman is in her purity, there will man be found in the full strength of his manhood; but, shorn of the grace that belongs peculiarly to womanhood, deprived of the gentle guidance of the female mind, man is divorced from the best aid that God himself could provide. *It is for this we plead;* for the restoration of purity and righteous rule. Do not courtesy, gallantry, chivalry, every noble impulse within urge our claims?

From Provincetown, I came to Truro. I had engaged the church and sent out circulars, but it seems there was a mistake, a temperance meeting having been previously appointed at the same room, on the same evening. Here, then, was a dilemma. I went to the meeting, however, determined to be guided by circumstances, and if I could not have the use of the room that evening, to at least give out an appointment for the next. The village is very much scattered and hilly. The night was dark and rainy, and the walking extremely bad. I went to the hall, not expecting to see two dozen there. What was my astonishment to find the house filled! The temperance meeting was to be a mere neighborhood affair, no foreign aid was expected, and I could not suppose that such an audience would come out on such a night, merely to attend an adjourned weekly meeting of any kind. I strongly suspected, what I afterwards found to be true, that they were there in answer to the call of my circulars. I took my seat with the audience, and waited until the Society should have finished some business in which they were then engaged. This done, one of their number, apparently, and a physician, came to me, and inquired if I was not the lady who was expected to speak to them that evening; and on my answering that I had designed speaking there, suggested that I turn my attention to the subject of women's voting on the liquor law. inquired of him, if they had not intended to discuss the temperance question there that evening. He replied that they had. I then suggested that they go on in their ordinary manner, without referring to me, and as opportunity offered, I should be most happy to join with them, and do all I could to make the meeting interesting. This, he assured me, would be highly satisfactory.

The meeting was opened by remarks from the Rev. Mr. Noble, the Orthodox clergyman of that place, and this gentleman was followed by two or three others; when, the interest seeming to flag a little, and the President calling for more volunteers, after waiting long enough to see that none were likely to respond, I ventured to rise. I had proceeded in my remarks for the space, I should think, of fifteen minutes, and had just entered upon the subject of woman's miseries, arising from the intemperance of her relations, and the perfect propriety of admitting her to vote on this question, and to hold offices in temperance societies, when in the midst of the most intense interest, when every eye was bent on the speaker, and every ear listening, and the most perfect silence prevailed, a cane, held in the hand of the Rev. gentleman above named, was observed to rise ominously in the air, and point itself directly toward the President. Whether raised by the spirits, and, if so, whether these were

'Black spirits or white,
Red spirits or gray,'

or only elevated by the aid of the clergyman in whose hand it rested, it might be presumption in me to say, in these days of spiritual manifestations; but thrice was the black oak wand waved majestically, in dangerous proximity to the person of the illustrious President, reminding one of the solemn adjurations of the witches in Macbeth—

'Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed,
Thrice and once the hedge pig whined,'
(*Priest whispers*)—''Tis time! 'tis time!
Call her to order.'

When the lithe form of the President, who, to that moment, had been listening, apparently with the most intense interest, was observed suddenly to writhe in his seat, like any other tool of priestly impudence,

When fearing to gainsay,
Yet scarcely daring to obey,

he finds himself placed between two very uncomfortable fires; the fire of truth pouring in upon his conscience on one side—truth to which every heart was responding—and that of priestly dictation on the other. Choosing, however, through the fear of the moment, I have no doubt, to follow the latter, I was suddenly called to order. Thus was the chain of my eloquence, like a twisted twig in a wintry blast, snapped short off, without so much as a compliment to my sex, and without giving me time to gather up the fragments, or to put my crazy speech into ship-shape.

What was to be done? Here I was, an entire stranger, never having seen a *human* countenance *divine* in that place before, and belonging to the weaker half of creation at that, arrayed suddenly and without a moment's warning against one whose august presence, if it did not remind you of Ossian's mists of morning, veiling the god of day, or of that god himself, rising all dripping from his bed in the ocean, certainly did of an eastern pedagogue, who felt his dignity, and meant that others should feel it too. What was I to do? A womanly woman would no doubt have sat down, and nothing said; but not having the fear of cane before my eyes, nor feeling oppressed with that sense of subordination which it is thought peculiarly characterizes our sex, and, moreover, being entirely unfamiliar with the potency of *wooden* arguments, although perfectly aware that I was in the coast of the region round about the borders of the land of wooden *nutmegs*, I ventured to call for the point of order. Agitation followed—

'Double, double, toil and trouble,'—

in which, no doubt, the magician's wand held a full share, although, like most well disciplined generals, the instigator of the whole movement was careful to shield himself behind his subordinates, and thus keep his sacred person out of the range of any random shot, never uttering a word above a whisper, nor venturing to state the point of order, but only setting on his inferiors. After an abundance of debating back and forth, with no speaker to aid me, but all opposed, the President peremptorily declared that he should decide that I was out of order. I appealed from the decision of the Chair to the house. This appeal the President refused to entertain, well knowing that if he did, the house, who were vociferating to me to go on with my remarks, would decide, by acclamation, in my favor. Finding that force and not right was to be the rule of conduct, I gathered up my hat and shawl, and left, the whole audience going with me; leaving those men alone in their glory, with only eight or ten of their particular adherents. Deep and fuming words of indignation fell from the lips of both men and women, as they issued from the door; but all was civil, quiet and orderly. It was a most cutting rebuke to priestly and official despotism, 'clothed in a little brief authority;'—and brief it proved to be, for the next day, the most prominent gentlemen of the place held a meeting, at which resolutions were passed, expressive of their entire disapprobation of the opposition on the previous evening, and tendering me the free use of their spacious hall on the coming evening. This, of course, was joyfully accepted, and the house was filled to overflowing, many having to go away, not being able to find seats. Thus, through the good providence of God, were the machinations of our enemies most signally defeated, and even made to advance the cause of truth; fulfilling that beautiful prophecy of Scripture, that wrath shall be turned to praise. Where so many were efficient and active, it may be deemed invidious to mention names, and yet, particular praise is due to Capt. F. A. Gross, S. S. Collins, G. Knowles, and I. L. McDonald,—the latter of whom, though hostile at the commencement, nobly apologized for his opposition, and magnanimously aided in sustaining the whole course of lectures. Also, permit me, through the columns of your paper, to return my sincere thanks to the Rev. Mr. Noble, for the efficient though unintentional aid which he indirectly rendered me by his unmanly and cowardly opposition on the evening of my first appearance in Truro county, inasmuch as, although he was the prime mover in the opposition, he did not once venture to express a sentiment or to take any part in the debate which followed his whispered movement. But we bear no malice towards those who have benefitted us, however undesignedly, nor do we blame one for breaking our windows, provided he does it by throwing diamonds into our room.

At Wellfleet, the lecture room has been thronged.

Yours, &c., E. R. COE.

SPEECH OF ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,

At the Woman's Rights Convention, held in Worcester, in October last.

Mrs. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER rose and said:—

Madam President: I rise this evening not to make a speech. I came here without any intention of even opening my mouth in this Convention. But I must utter one word of congratulation, that the cause which we have come here to aid, has given such evidence this evening of its success. When genius that could find ample field elsewhere, comes forward and lays itself on this altar, we have no reason for discouragement; and I am not without faith, that the time is not far distant, when our utmost desires shall be gratified, when our highest hopes shall be realized. I feel that the work is more than half accomplished.

I have an idea, thrown into the form of a short resolution, which I wish to present to this Convention, because no one else has brought it forward. I feel that behind, that underneath, that deeper down than we have yet gone, lies the great cause of the difficulties which we aim to remove. We complain that woman is inadequately rewarded for her labor. It is true. We complain that on the platform, in the forum, in the pulpit, in the office of teacher, and so on to the end of the list, she does not hold that place which she is qualified to fill: and what is the deep difficulty? I cannot, I will not charge it all upon man. I respond to the statement that it is chargeable upon us as well as upon others. It is an old, homely maxim, but yet there is great force in it, 'Where there's a will, there's a way;' and the reason why woman is not found in the highest position which she is qualified to fill, is because she has not more than half the will. I therefore wish to present the resolution that I hold in my hand:—

Resolved, That in regard to most points, Woman lacks her rights, because she does not feel the full weight of her responsibilities; that when she shall feel her responsibilities sufficiently to induce her to go forward and discharge them, she will inevitably obtain her rights; when she shall feel herself equally bound with her father, husband, brother and son, to provide for the physical necessities and elegances of life, when she shall feel as deep responsibility as they for the intellectual culture and the moral and religious elevation of the race, she will of necessity seek out and enter those paths of Physical Intellectual, Moral and Religious labor which are necessary to the accomplishment of her object. Let her feel the full stimulus of motive, and she will achieve the means.

I believe that the idea embodied in this resolution, though not expressed so clearly as I fain would have had it, points to the great difficulty that lies in our way; and, therefore, I feel that it is necessary for us to inculate, on the rising generation especially, (for it is to these that we must chiefly look,) it is necessary for us to inculcate on them particularly this feeling of responsibility. Let mothers take care to impress upon their daughters, that they are not to enter upon the marriage relation until they are qualified to provide for the physical necessities of a family. Let our daughters feel that they must never attempt to enter upon the marriage relation until they shall be qualified to provide for the wants of a household, and then we shall see much, if not all, that difficulty which has been complained of here, removed. Women revolt at the idea of marrying for the sake of a home, for the sake of a support—of marrying the purse instead of the man. There is no woman here, who, if the question were put to her, would not say, Love is sufficient. She says it is sufficient, and she believes it; yet behind this lies something else, in more than one case in ten.

Let us therefore inculcate upon our daughters that they should be able to provide for the wants of a family, and that they are unfit for that relation until they are qualified to do so. If we teach our daughters that they are as much bound to become independent as their brothers, and that they should not hang upon the skirts of a paternal home for support, but secure subsistence for themselves, will they not look out avenues to new employments? Why, we all feel it, we all know it; if women could be taught that the responsibilities devolved equally upon themselves and the other sex, they would seek out the means to fulfil those responsibilities. That is the duty we owe our daughters to-day; that is the duty each owes to herself to-day, to see to it that we feel that we must enter into business, such as will bring in to the support of our families as much as the labor of our fathers, husbands and brothers does. Woman's labor is as intrinsically valuable as any other, and why is it not remunerated as well? Because, as has been shown here,—because there is too much female labor in the market, compared with the work it is allowed to undertake. There are other means of support; there are other means of acquiring wealth; let woman seek them out, and use them for her own interest, and this evil will in a great part be done away.

Then, again, let every woman feel that she is equally responsible with man for the immorality, for the crime that stalks abroad in our land, and will she not be up and doing, in order to put away that vice? Let every woman understand that it is for her to see that disease is not inflicted on the community, and will she not seek out means to do it away? If she feel that she is as competent to banish superstition, and prejudice, and bigotry, from the world as her brother, will she not be up and doing? Here is the great barrier to woman obtaining her rights. Mary Wolstonecroft was the first woman who wrote a book on 'Woman's Rights'; but a few years later, she wrote another, entitled 'Woman's Duty'; and when woman shall feel her duty, she will get he rights. We, who are young on this question of Woman's Rights, should entitle our next book, 'Woman's Duties.' Impress on your daughters their duties; impress on your wives, your sisters, on your brothers, on your husbands, on the face, their duties, and we shall all have our rights.

Man is wrong, not in London, New York, or Boston alone. Look around you here in Worcester, and see him sitting amidst the dust of his counting-room, or behind his counter, his whole soul engaged in dollars and cents, until the Multiplication Table becomes his creed, his *Pater noster*, and his Decalogue. Society says, keep your daughters, like dolls, in the parlor; they must not do anything to aid in supporting the family. But a certain appearance in society must be maintained. You must keep up the style of the household. You are in fault, if your wife do not uphold the condition to which she was bred in her father's house. I put this before men. If we could look under and within the broadcloth and the velvet, we should find as many breaking hearts, and as many sighs and groans, and as much of mental anguish, as we find in the parlor, as we find in the nursery of any house in Worcester. But woman is vain and frivolous, and man is ignorant; and, therefore, he is what he is. Had his daughters, had his wife, been educated to feel their responsibilities, they would have taken their rights, and he would have been a happy and contented man, and would not have been reduced to the mere machine for calculating and getting money that he now is.

My friends, I feel that in throwing out this idea, I have done what was left for me to do. But I did not rise to make a speech—my life has been my speech. For fourteen years I have advocated this cause by my daily life. Bloody feet, sisters, have worn smooth the path by which you have come up hither. (Great sensation.) You will not need to speak when you speak by your every day life. Oh, how truly does Webster say, Action, action is eloquence! Let us, then, when we go home, go not to complain, but to work. Do not go home to complain of the men, but go and make greater exertions than ever to discharge your every-day duties. Oh! it is easy to be lazy; it is comfortable indeed to be indolent; but it is hard, and a martyrdom to take responsibilities. There are thousands of women in these United States working for a starving pittance, who know and feel that they are fitted for something better, and who tell me, when I talk with them, and urge them to open shops, and do business for themselves, 'I do not want the responsibility of business—it is too much.' Well, then, starve in your laziness!

Oh, Madam President, I feel that we have thrown too much blame on the other side. At any rate, we all deserve enough. We have been groping about in the dark. We are trying to feel our way, and oh! God give us light! But I am convinced, as we go forward and enter the path, it will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

I will speak no longer. I speak throughout the year, and those of you who speak but once should take the platform. I hope, however, that you do not feel that I speak to you in anger. Oh, no; it is in the hope of inducing you to be willing to assume responsibilities, to be willing to have a sleepless night, occasionally, and days of toil and trouble; for he that labors shall have his reward; he that sows shall reap. My teacher in childhood taught me a lesson, which I hope I never shall forget. She had appointed me a task, and when she asked if I had learned it, I said, 'No, it is too hard.' 'Well,' said she, 'go into the road, and pick me up an apron full of pebbles.' I did it. 'It was easy to do it,' said she. 'Oh, yes,' I replied. 'Go out again,' said she, 'and pour them down, and bring me in an apron full of gold.' It was impossible. 'Yes,' said my teacher, 'you can get that only by earnest labor, by sacrifice, by weariness.' I learned my lesson. I accomplished my task; and I would to God that every person had had similar instruction, and learned the necessity of toil—earnest, self-sacrificing toil. (Loud cheers.)

☞ *Punch* says he is preparing a bill to prevent Cruelty to Quotations, which he intends laying before Parliament at an early day.

☞ Epitome of French History—Universal suffering and vote by bullet.—*Punch.*

☞ Why did Jenny Lind marry a pianist? Because she wanted a man to *accompany* her.

☞ A Connecticut editor, in dunning his subscribers, says he has *responsibilities* thrown upon him which he is obliged to *meet.*

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August 29 istf

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November 14 1y

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore existing, under the firm of Smith, Ober & Co., is this day dissolved, by mutual consent, the senior partner, Thomas Smith, having retired from the firm, and sold all his interest to his co-partners, who will settle all demands.

THOMAS SMITH,
DAVID B. MOREY,
REUBEN H. OBER.

The business of the old firm will be continued at the old stand, No. 2 and 3 Haverhill street, by Morey & Ober, where will be found a large assortment of Britania Ware and Glass Ware, and the customers of the old firm and others are invited to call and examine before buying elsewhere.
Boston, January 1st, 1852. 3m

BOOKS.

BELA MARSH, No. 25 Cornhill, has for sale the following valuable books, viz:

The Slave, or Memoirs of Archy Moore,	25
The Branded Hand, by Capt. Jonathan Walker,	25
Picture of Slavery for young persons, by do.,	6
History of the Mexican War, (including 'Facts for the People,') by L. Moody,	20
Narrative of Henry Watson, a Fugitive Slave,	12 1-2
The Church As It Is, by Parker Pillsbury,	15
Letter to the People of the United States on Slavery, by Theodore Parker,	25
Parker's Discourse, occasioned by the death of John Quincy Adams,	25
Conscience and Law; or a Discussion of our comparative Responsibility to Human and Divine Government, by Rev Wm. W. Patton,	12
Spooner's Argument on the Unconstitutionality of Slavery,	50
Spooner's Defence for Fugitive Slaves against the Acts of Congress of February 12, 1793, and September 18, 1850,	25
The Three Chief Safeguards of Society, a Sermon by Theodore Parker,	15
Parker's Fast Day Sermon—The Chief Sins of the People,	20
The Great Harmonia, vol. 2—The Teacher, by A. J. Davis,	1 00
The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse,	50
do do of Special Providences—A Vision,	15
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Aug. 29. tf

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